

SUMMER'S BIGGEST MOVIE BATTLES!

#649 • April 19, 2002

Entertainment

LY

Jack, Ozzy,
Kelly, And
Sharon
Uncensored



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22 BLACK SABBATH WOMAN Sharon Osbourne chases (from left) Jack, Kelly, and Aimee in 1989

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(Clockwise from left)
Jack, Ozzy, Kelly, and
Sharon Osbourne
photographed for EW
by Dan Winters on April 3
in Los Angeles

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FRIDAY, APRIL 19, 2002

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76 ENCORE April 18, 1995: Sonny and Cher's daughter, Chastity Bono, comes out in *The Advocate*.



MAIL With 15 out of 24, EW won more Oscar bets this year than in the past, and readers seemed duly impressed with our annual Oscar odds issue (#645, March 22). After all, we got five of the top eight. "Kudos on your prescient Oscar picks and semipicks for Denzel Washington [and] Jennifer Connelly," writes Matthew J. Rutherford from Clifton, Va. "Now if only you guys were around when I decided to go with that Enron stock." Meanwhile, Susan Mulliner from Philadelphia faults us for being too spot-on. "Every year my friend copies his Oscar pool sheet directly from [EW] and wins! I'd like to win once in a while; so next year, do you think you could not do such a great job of picking?" Hey, you win some, you lose some.

The Odds Squad

THERE SHOULD BE AN AWARD for Best Oscar Coverage by a Magazine. EW would have a lock on it. Your issue was informative and gave a fascinating look at the race, as well as a terrific preview of the event itself. As always, your predictions were right on the money.

GENE ROGERS

Portville, N.Y.

I'D LIKE TO COMMEND EW for once again providing the best pre-Oscar coverage of any magazine. However, one thing you mentioned will leave me with one finger on the remote—Bruce Vilanch. Will someone please finally tell this man he is *not* funny? I hate to think of another awards show dotted with stale Vilanch-isms.

JIM TAYLOR

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Wyandotte, Mich.

YOUR OSCAR RACE COVERAGE got me thinking: Ian McKellen's was not the only outstanding performance from *The Fellowship of the Ring*. Why is there no award for best ensemble cast? Movies like *The Lord of the Rings* and *Gosford Park* would have been worthy nominees.

KATE WALKER

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YOU SHOULD HAVE COME UP with another category in your TV section, entitled "What to Avoid Watching at All Costs" for Joan and Melissa Rivers' *Live From the Red Carpet* on E! That this venomous adder and her unconscious spawn have a show on anything other than cable access is absolutely amazing.

BILL DUNN

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Home Advantage

I AM A HUGE FAN OF TLC'S *Trading Spaces* (Behind the Scenes). The reaction of the Herricks is completely unusual. Most people are excited when they get to see their new room, even if it wasn't something they were expecting or thought they wanted. The reality is, if you agree to go on, you agree to changes, some of which may not be your style. That's part of the experience.

ABBY SCHOCHET

Oak Park, Mich.

THANK YOU FOR FINALLY writing an article on *Trading Spaces*. I have been addicted to the show since the first time I saw it. But please tell me why you would focus on a room that the homeowners didn't like (which really wasn't as bad as

your article made it seem) and not on the dozens of rooms that people adore? While you're at it, throw in a few pictures of Ty.

JESSICA JELLINGS

jessica@bluefishcatering.com
Minneapolis

Great Jones Streak

I'VE ALWAYS RESPECTED your opinions on music, but I must say, that respect has grown exponentially since I read your article on the lovely Norah Jones ("Have You Met Miss Jones?"). Her velvet voice, along with a soulful piano and steady bass line, is one of the most refreshing things I've heard in a long time. In an age where bubblegum pop and junk rock rule the airwaves, it's nice to be able to just relax and appreciate someone who lets her music create her image, and not the other way around.

JEFF CANDELA

thelazygryphon@hotmail.com
Chesterfield, Mo.

Groban Pains

I WAS SORELY DISAPPOINTED in Scott Paulin's review of Josh Groban's new CD (Music). "Mediocre Italian?" Does Paulin even speak Italian? Not only does Groban have amazing talent, he speaks with such strength of diction and pronunciation that I—as someone

who's Spanish and studying Italian—was shocked. How refreshing to hear someone pronounce phrases and words correctly.

NICHOLE M. PORRATA

Sunrise, Fla.

WWW.EW.COM (AOL KEYWORD: EW)

Sands of Time



Summer must be near: A *Baywatch* reunion movie is in the works. Get ready by remembering the best of times with our gallery of favorite life-guard hunks and honeys, including Pamela Anderson as cutie-pie C.J. Parker, David Charvet as buff Matt Brody, and Carmen Electra as...well, Carmen Electra mouthing lines in a skimpy bathing suit. Grab some sunscreen and join them at ew.com/photogallery.

Hit Parade

Another sign of summer is the onset of blockbuster-movie season. In the next month, two of the most anticipated flicks—*Star Wars: Episode II* and *Spider-Man*—hit theaters, followed by many more. To see which films you won't want to miss, read our countdown of the 12 Movies We Can't Wait to See at ew.com/12movies. Hint: Carmen Electra isn't in any of them.

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NEWS NOTES

April 19, 2002 Movies Video TV Music Internet Edited by Thom Geier



WEEKEND WARRIORS
About a Boy squares
off against Episode II
in mid-May

DUEL ACTION

Who will be box office heavy-weights after this summer's cinema smackdowns? by Nicholas Fonseca

THE DOG DAYS OF SUMMER are almost here, and along with pimply teenagers, your local multiplex is about to experience the annual movie logjam. More than 50 major titles—everything from *Spider-Man* to *Star Wars* to *Scooby-Doo* to *Spy Kids 2*—are slated for release in the next four months. “Summer is all about sequels and name recognition, and this summer you have more of that than

ever,” says analyst Adam Farasati of ReelSource, who predicts that 2002 could top last summer's record \$2.96 billion box office haul from Memorial Day to Labor Day.

But with such fierce competition, experts are anticipating a reprise of last summer's bloated openings and giant audience drop-offs, when hits like *Planet of the Apes* lost 60 percent of their gross by the second week. “It's in everybody's interest that movies open big,” says Century Theatres CEO Raymond Syufy. In addition, he notes, “studios want movies to stay on the screen.”

To insure a supersize debut, studios are expecting to ratchet up the promotional expenditures. (Last year, they spent \$31 million on average

to promote each film—a figure that's typically inflated for big summer films.) “You've got to be ready with your marketing so that everybody in town knows you're there,” explains John Calley, chairman/CEO of Sony Pictures Entertainment. “If you don't do that, you wake up with a **Bruce Willis** movie that did \$4 million in its opening weekend and you wonder what happened.”

Actually, the disappointing *Hart's War* made \$8.9 million in its first three days, but Calley's got a point. With so many films plugged into so few slots, there are bound to be some bitter death matches. For every hit, there's a *Big Trouble*. Here's EW's take on some of this summer's hottest weekend showdowns, and our predictions on

who'll wear the box office crown come Monday morning.

DAVID MEETS GOLIATH
Star Wars: Episode II—Attack of the Clones vs. About a Boy (May 16–17)

“Classic counterprogramming,” laughs Exhibitor Relations' Paul Dergarabedian of Universal's decision to launch its **Hugh Grant** dramedy against the sci-fi titan. “Not everyone, believe it or not, is going to want to see *Episode II*.” (In 1999, **Kate Capshaw's** *The Love Letter* logged a paltry \$2.7 million bowing against *Phantom Menace*—but Grant's *Notting Hill*, costarring **Julia Roberts**—boasted \$28 million one week later.) Ironically, *Boy* codirector **Paul Weitz** says Universal almost opened his breakthrough, *American Pie*, against *Menace* before shifting it to a July 4 slot. “I remember the call we got saying ‘You know what? We're going to change your weekend,’” says Weitz. “And we were so p---ed at the time because we knew

nothing about releases.” **SURVEY SAYS** Like you need to ask. Still, *Boy* smells like a word-of-mouth sleeper.

FOR ADULTS ONLY

Insomnia vs. Enough (May 24)

This mature match pits old-guard superstar (**Al Pacino**) against new-guard superstar (**Jennifer Lopez**) in two psychological suspense flicks debuting just one week after *Attack of the Clones*. The R-rated *Insomnia* has the added bonus of in-demand *Memento* director **Christopher Nolan**. “If [Warner Bros.] hypes Nolan's name, it will attract that adult audience looking for a smart thriller,” says BoxOfficeGuru.com editor Gitesh Pandya. **SURVEY SAYS** Teen girls adore J. Lo. And the PG-13 rating should help *Sleeping With Billy Campbell*—er, *Enough*—kick some box office booty on the first weekend. But the smart thrills of *Insomnia* may keep the studio counting sheep—and receipts—over the long haul.

FRIENDLY FIRE

The Sum of All Fears (May 31) vs. The Bourne Identity (June 14)

The lucrative 72-hour Memorial Day blitz was shaping up to be the ultimate episode of the next *Celebrity Boxing*: Former costars and longtime friends **Matt Damon** (*Bourne*) and **Ben Affleck** (*Sum*) face off in two highly touted spy-novel adaptations with franchise potential. But Universal blinked, shuffling *Identity* to June 14 and replacing it with the **Eddie Griffin** comedy *Undercover Brother*. A studio rep insists the move was not motivated by any perceived Matt-Ben rivalry but declined to comment further. **SURVEY SAYS** By avoiding a high-stakes spy vs. spy, we could have two winners: a tidy *Sum* for Memorial Day followed by a newly *Bourne* action star in June.

GENDER WARS

Bad Company vs. Divine Secrets of the Ya-Ya Sisterhood (June 7)

After the high-testosterone May onslaught, prepare for more bullets 'n' bombs with the **Chris Rock**-**Anthony Hopkins** CIA yarn *Company*, another in a long line of terrorism-themed flicks postponed after Sept. 11. Or clear your head for the estrogen-heavy *Secrets*, based on the biggest best-seller **Oprah** never endorsed. “**Sandra Bullock** and **Ashley Judd** command huge openings thanks to female fans,” Farasati says of *Ya-Ya*. “Together in cute, comedic roles, there's no telling what they can do.” **SURVEY SAYS** Bullock and Judd (who don't have any scenes together) are members of that rare, review-proof female flock—led by Julia, of course—that typically opens strongly. Audiences should go ga-ga for *Ya-Ya*.

BROTHERS IN ARMS

Signs vs. Igby Goes Down (Aug. 2)

Perhaps the oddest choice for moviegoers: Do we support **Culkin** sibling No. 4, 19-year-old **Kieran**, in the **Susan Sarandon** family comedy *Igby*, or Culkin sibling No. 7, 12-year-old **Rory**, in **Mel Gibson's** supernatural saga *Signs*? **SURVEY SAYS** With a bona fide superstar (Gibson) and a still-hot director (**M. Night Shyamalan**), we're seeing dollar *Signs*—if it weren't for that weekend's other, **Vin Diesel**-fueled debut. “The bigger problem is XXX,” says Dergarabedian. “Everyone saw how well *The Fast and the Furious* did last summer. That says it all.” Perhaps it's just as well that **Macaulay** is sitting out this summer. ■ (Additional reporting by Jennifer Armstrong and Jennifer Long)

ATTACK OF THE KILLER B'S

WHEN IT COMES TO COSTARS, GOING FROM GWEN STEFANI to a Goonie is usually a step down. But in his new video, “We Are All Made of Stars,” a spacesuit-clad Moby roams through a seedy L.A. of lip-synching quasi-celebs like the Toxic Avenger and a phone-licking Corey Feldman. “Usually when a star goes into a video, they want to be doing something superfabulous,” says director Joseph Kahn. “I wanted everyone to do the most boring thing possible.” To wit: Old Navy model Molly Sims eats a hot dog; kink-o film star Ron Jeremy makes copies; and *Diff'rent Strokes*' Todd Bridges and Gary Coleman hang at a fast-food joint. Here's EW's Moby map. —Brian M. Raftery



Ex-O.J. houseguest KATO KAE LIN



Troma Films actress HYPOTHERMIA



Former Lolita DOMINIQUE SWAIN



Austin's Mini-Me VERNE TROYER



The Lord of the Rings' SEAN BEAN



Ghost World haunter THORA BIRCH



L.A. billboard starlet ANGELYNE



Red Hot ax grinder DAVE NAVARRO



Wigged-out trickster MOBY



Chinatown producer ROBERT EVANS



Metal madman TOMMY LEE



'N Sync 'nticer JC CHASEZ

HOTSheet

What the country is talking about this week...

1 Oprah's Book Club She can't find enough good books to plug one a month? Aren't Proust, Austen, Cervantes, and Homer up to Wally Lamb's high standards?

2 The Sweetest Thing Cameron Diaz's butt gets almost as much face time in this romantic comedy as she does. Soon it will have its own agent and a three-picture deal.

3 Mike Wallace The 83-year-old *60 Minutes* newsmen is cutting his workload in half. Slacker.

4 Kenny The *South Park* creators got bored of killing him every week. They'll replace him with Wile E. Coyote.

5 Martha Inc. The unauthorized bio paints her as dominatrix of domesticity. Apparently she's not warm and fuzzy like other media moguls Sumner Redstone and Rupert Murdoch.

6 Sarah Jessica Parker The *Sex and the City* star is pregnant. How suburban.

7 Bob Guccione His once mighty *Penthouse* is flaccid. Why buy the cow when you can get the milk for free on the Internet?

8 Tom & Penélope The rumor is they've split up. It's back to the personal ads for them.

9 Changing Lanes A minor traffic dispute turns into a match to the death between two drivers. In New York City that's called a taxi ride to the airport.

10 April 15 If people wouldn't wait until the very last minute to file, I wouldn't have to wait in those long lines.

11 "Party Hard" The catchy hit for the binge drinker in your family. How come there are no catchy songs about getting a job and paying rent?

12 The Simpsons A Brazilian tourism agency may sue for portraying Rio in an unflattering light. You never see the good side of squalid, homeless street kids on TV.

13 Charles Frazier The *Cold Mountain* author got a reported \$8.25 million advance for his second book. The first thing he's going to do with the money is heat the place.

14 Frailty A horror movie in which a man thinks his brother is a serial killer. No, all 9-year-olds act like that.

15 Britney Spears She has a cameo in *Austin Powers 3* as Mini-Me's girlfriend. But he dumps her for someone more realistic—a Barbie doll.



BILL OF GOODS Paxton tries to rope in moviegoers

QUOTE HORROR

IT'S A FRIGHTFULLY EFFECTIVE marketing campaign: Ads for **Bill Paxton's** directorial debut, the serial-killer thriller *Frailty*, costarring **Matthew McConaughey**, feature raves—but not from the usual suspects. "The most disturbing horror picture I've seen since *The Shining*" crows **Sam Raimi**, who directed Paxton in *A Simple Plan*. "Electrifying," offers *Aliens* helmer **James Cameron**, while **Stephen King** calls it "edge-of-the-seat entertainment." Paxton says collecting the blurbs wasn't as easy as

calling his old bosses: "These are guys who won't put their name on until the quality goes in." And since Paxton didn't know King, he sent a *Frailty* screener last fall with crossed fingers. "I really just wrote him cold," Paxton admits. But why the novel approach, since reviews have been kind? "Rather than use bland quotes from critics nobody's ever heard of, we thought filmgoers might be better able to relate to [these three]," says Lions Gate prez **Tom Ortenberg**. No offense, **Joel Siegel**. —Gillian Flynn

LOOK OUT, HARVEY



McCAIN

FORGET NEW HAMPSHIRE. SEN. JOHN McCAIN (R.-Ariz.) may soon be back on the campaign trail—this time for an Oscar. The Republican maverick has enlisted Bobby Geisler and John Roberdeau, who produced 1998's WWII drama *The Thin Red Line*, to bring his 1999 best-seller *Faith of My Fathers* (written with Mark Salter) to the big screen. *Fathers* recounts

how McCain survived five and a half years in a Vietnam POW camp by using lessons from his grandfather, a four-star admiral, and his father, commanding officer of U.S. forces in the Pacific. "The movie will focus on how his family heritage and his captors force him to look into the abyss," says Roberdeau, who envisions Edward Norton as McCain. The senator (who has no approval on the film) says he sought out the *Line* duo because they too grew up in military families: "Bobby and John will bring both affection for the honor of military legacies and an appreciation for the challenges they impose." —Josh Young



'THE THIN RED LINE'

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Flashes



SMITH

WILL POWER Frat houses of America, prepare your sound systems: *Ali* star and playful rapper Will Smith says he'll be releasing his next album—the as-yet-untitled follow-up to 1999's double-platinum *Willennium*—June 25, just eight days before the alien-smashing summer sequel *Men in Black II* arrives in theaters.

"I've recorded about 30 songs already," says Smith, "and I like about eight of them." (His spokeswoman says the first single, "Nod Ya Head," is featured in the film and will hit radio in mid-June.) The Oscar big shot insists he hasn't forgotten how to get jiggy with his first passion—even if it does mean shifting gears from World's Greatest to Fresh Prince. "Two weeks in the studio, and I'm up to speed," he boasts. "My slang is current, I'm hip to the new-style drums, and I'm back in synch." —Nicholas Fonseca



STEWART



TUCCI IN 'BIG TROUBLE'

'TROUBLE' WITH MARTHA It's official: **Martha Stewart** is a bitch—on screen. For *Big Trouble*, the domestic diva allowed her face to be attached to a dog's body in **Stanley Tucci's** toad-induced hallucination. "We spent a day with Martha on a blue-screen stage," explains director **Barry Sonnenfeld**, who met Stewart at a party in East Hampton, N.Y. "I had her bark [the names of] vegetables. She barks *arugula* brilliantly." Sonnenfeld says Stewart made only one request. "She wanted to pick the dog, but I told her she had to be an Airedale. We'd already shot it." (She preferred a chow.) Also in *Trouble*, a character peruses *Martha Stewart Living*, and in Sonnenfeld's *Men in Black II*, Stewart's TV show plays in the background. The director says he's a great admirer of her confections. "Especially her Bûche de Noël." It's a good thing. —William Keck

ANIMAL INSTINCTS

High Crimes might revolve around murder, but during the shoot Ashley Judd was preoccupied with furry animals. She disappeared from the rural Sun Valley, Calif., set, after literally going to the dogs. "They sent out a bulletin that Ashley had been kidnapped by some crazy hicks," says costar Amanda Peet. "Finally, we find her inside this cage playing with a litter of puppies." (The actress had wandered to a nearby home.) Between takes, Judd also studied the movements of her five pet cats to prepare for her role in an upcoming *Batman* spin-off. "I was attracted to the dichotomy," says Judd of Catwoman, "the unsure, henpecked gal and then this Überconfident and ambiguous heroine." *Crimes* costar Morgan Freeman had his own way of helping Judd prep: "I kept asking her to use the whip on me." —WK



'HIGH CRIMES'

random quote

"I'm a man-eater, which I have a little experience with in real life, to say the least."

—LARA FLYNN BOYLE, on playing a cannibalistic alien in *Men in Black II*



Q While ordering pizza in *Panic Room*, Jodie Foster cites what sounds like an actual phone number. Was it for real? **A** It rings true. The digits belong to Patsy's Pizzeria on Manhattan's Upper West Side, where *Panic* is set. "Patsy's was where my son and his kindergarten class had their pizza party," says screenwriter-producer David Koepp. He and director David Fincher "hate that 555 thing," which isn't even a safe fake-out anymore. (Demand for numbers has forced the North American Numbering Plan Administration to begin doling out 555's, says a rep.) Patsy's owner hasn't seen any uptick in calls. But pizza lovers take note: That Patsy's doesn't deliver. —Terry Tang (Send queries to BurningQuestions@ew.com)

ILLUSTRATION BY DAVID COWLES

Censorship is a dirty word.

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Music First

Monitor

BIRTHS British bedazzler Elizabeth Hurley, 36, greeted her first child, Damian Charles, April 4. She has said the father is U.S. film producer Stephen Bing (*Get Carter*), who has publicly questioned his paternity.

EXPECTING The producers: Actress Sarah Jessica Parker, 37, and her Broadway-star hubby Matthew Broderick, 40, will welcome their first child this fall. HBO, while vague about implications of the pregnancy for Parker's *Sex and the City*, temporarily suspended production of the hit show while shooting the first two episodes of the fifth season.... *The Mummy* and daddy: Actor Brendan Fraser, 33, and his homemaker wife Afton, 35, will welcome their first child in October.

ANNOUNCEMENTS The Early No-Show: On April 4, CBS announced that former long-time *Today* host Bryant Gumbel, 53, was leaving his *Early Show* anchor chair after 2½ years. "I feel it's time for me to move on," Gumbel said in a statement; he hasn't set a departure date. No replacement has been named.... Megadeth is megadead, guitarist Dave Mustaine, 40, announced April 3. Mustaine, who formed the metal act in 1983, noted he suffered nerve damage in his left arm from a January injury.

ARRESTS Who's the slugger here? B-movie bombshell Tawny Kitaen (*Dead Tides*), 40, was arrested April 1 in Newport Beach, Calif., on misdemeanor charges of battery and abusing her husband, Cleveland Indians pitcher Chuck Finley, 39. The Orange County district attorney's office says a high-heeled Kitaen repeatedly kicked Finley and brutally scratched his face and arms. She was released from jail April 3 and faces up to a year in prison if convicted. Her lawyer says she plans to plead not guilty.

DEALS *Cold Mountain* cash: After considering author Charles Frazier's one-page proposal for a story about a white Cherokee chief in 19th-century North Carolina, Random House agreed to pay the National Book Award winner a reported \$8.25 million for his second novel, tentatively set for publication in 2005. Additionally, *Wonder Boys* producer Scott Rudin and Paramount Pictures snapped up movie rights to the as-yet-untitled book for \$3 million.

COURTS On March 29, Lee Anderson Minnelli, 94, sued stepdaughter Liza Minnelli, 56, claiming the newlywed failed to cover her stepmom's bills—including wages for the gardener and maid at her Beverly Hills home. The suit seeks unspecified damages. In a statement, David Gest defended his wife: "Liza has offered to buy Lee a condominium, but apparently her generous offer was refused."... The price of bad Mathers: On April 4 rapper-actor Eminem (né Marshall Mathers, 28) agreed to pay \$100,000 to John Guerra, 28, the bouncer he allegedly threatened with an unloaded pistol outside a Warren, Mich., nightclub in 2000. Last year, Em pleaded guilty to a concealed-weapon charge stemming from the incident.... On April 2, shock rocker Marilyn Manson, 33, was sued for wrongful death by the mother of actress Jennifer Syme (*Lost Highway*), an ex-girlfriend of Keanu Reeves who died last year at age 29 in a solo car wreck after a party at Manson's L.A. house. Syme's mother, Maria St. John, claims the copious amounts of cocaine given to her daughter led to her death. In a statement, Manson said, "It is a pity that St. John sullies her own daughter's reputation by filling this baseless claim."... On April 5, a London jury found R.E.M. guitarist Peter Buck, 45, not guilty of being a combative drunk on a



PARKER AND BRODERICK



HURLEY



GUMBEL



THE FRASERS



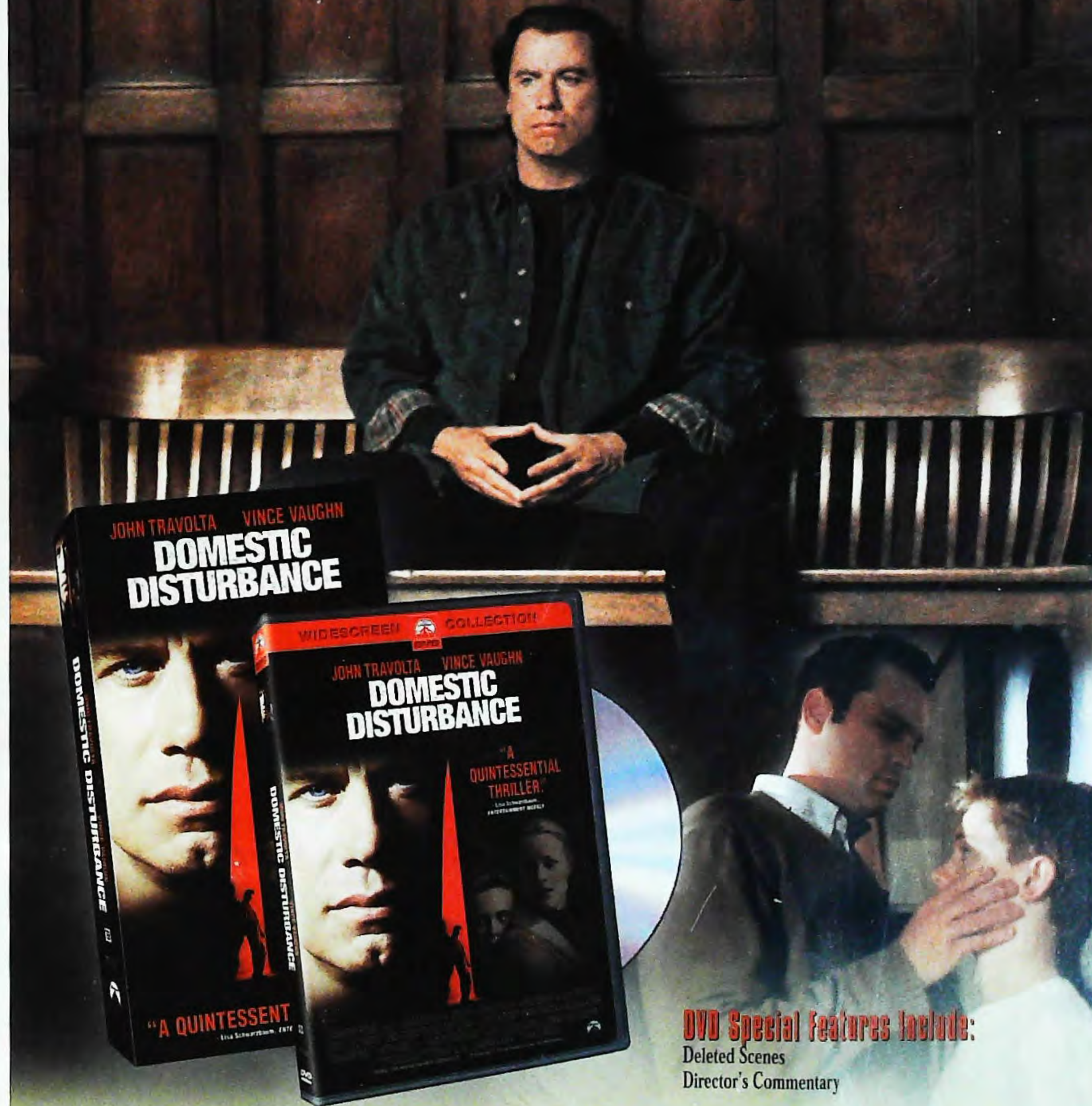
MINNELLI

trans-Atlantic British Airways flight last April. He'd been charged with criminal damage for allegedly assaulting two crew members. Buck's buddies Michael Stipe and Bono appeared as character witnesses at the three-week trial.

DEATHS Actor John Agar (1948's *Fort Apache*), 81, an ex-Air Force sergeant who took up acting during his ill-fated marriage to a young Shirley Temple in the '40s, of emphysema, April 7, in Burbank, Calif.... Navy SEAL-turned-movie stuntman Harry O'Connor (*Charlie's Angels*, *The Perfect Storm*), 45, in a paragliding accident on the set of Vin Diesel's upcoming thriller *XXX*, April 4, in Prague. In a statement, Revolution Studios called O'Connor's death "a great loss for the film community."... TV titan Roy

Huggins, 87, creator-producer of *The Fugitive*, *The Rockford Files*, and the whimsically ironic Western *Maverick*, of undetermined causes, April 3, in Santa Monica. Huggins is also credited with creating TV's movie-of-the-week concept.... *Winky-Dink and You* creator Louis "Deke" Heyward, 81, of pneumonia, April 3, in L.A. In the '50s, Winky invited kids to cover their TVs with a "magic screen" (a clear sheet of plastic) and interact with the cartoon using "magic crayons." He later was head writer for *The Ernie Kovacs Show*.... Death Row Records production manager Alton McDonald, 36, of gunshot wounds, April 3, in L.A. At press time, police had no suspects but didn't think the murder was related to the East Coast-West Coast rap war. —Karen Valby, with additional reporting by Scott Brown

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The SCOUT

EW'S FIELD GUIDE TO THE NEXT NEW THINGS

Say Cheese!

Fondue pots—those '60s staples stashed in cupboards nationwide—are once again at the top of foodie must-have lists. Celebs like **Alan Cumming**, **Nicole Kidman**, and **Selma Blair** found Chantal ceramic sets at last month's Independent Spirit Awards, where the traditional cheese-and-bread combo was served, along with crème anglaise and pound cake and fruit for dipping. "People are coming back to fondue because they remember it being really cool," says Rick Rodgers, author of *Fondue: Great Food to*

Dip, Dunk, Savor, and Swirl. "There's always going to be 24-year-olds who think melting cheese is the ultimate culinary sophistication." Indeed, those hipsters



crowd chef Terrence Brennan's cheesy-chic NYC eatery Artisanal—home to a cave with more than 200 varieties of *fromage*—every night. Says Brennan of the fondness for fondue: "It's a lot of fun, it's communal, and it's great-tasting. Who doesn't love cheese?"

—Nicholas Fonseca



CUMMING

THE SHAW REPORT by Jessica Shaw

IN	FIVE MINUTES AGO	OUT
Hidden, unlisted bars	Hotel bars	Velvet ropes
Figs	Kiwis	Star fruit
Becoming an interior decorator	Becoming a real estate agent	Becoming a personal trainer
Brenda	Carrie	Carmela

Winging It

Flowers? They're wilting. The butterfly has taken flight as the season's favorite fashion motif. The winged insect has touched down on the designs of Marc Jacobs for Louis Vuitton, Versace, Nicole Miller, and Swarovski. And original butterfly Mariah Carey isn't the only celeb who's got the bug. Britney Spears wore a Matthew Williamson butterfly-embroidered dress to January's NRJ Music Awards in Cannes, while Cameron Diaz wore Gucci butterfly-strap heels to the recent SAG Awards. And look for Debra Messing's butterfly hair clip in the Woody Allen comedy *Hollywood Ending*. What's the



SPEARS

DIAZ

appeal of the heavenly creatures? "[It's] a youthful, spirited, very feminine motif," says Williamson. And clearly one that sets hearts aflutter. —Julia Wang



GIMME SHELTER



Hargitay's Hideaway!
5 BR, 4.5 BTH villa in the Hollywood Hills **PRICE**
\$1.5 million. TV detective

Mariska Hargitay (*Law & Order: Special Victims Unit*) is selling her abode of six years. Built in 1988, the 2,900-square-foot roost is located in the coveted Bird Streets above the Sunset Strip (in the same nabe as Leonardo DiCaprio). Hargitay bought the house from her dad, Mickey, a former Mr. Universe. The Mediterranean-style house has vaulted ceilings and arched doorways. Inside, there is an office with its own loft and fireplace. Outside, there are several balconies, a pool, and a two-story guest house. Hargitay's home is also available for lease for \$8,750 per month. —Tricia Johnson

Zap It

Ubiquitous Product of the week The TeleZapper (\$49.95) What is it? The hot-selling gizmo that wards off calls from telemarketers. How it works By emitting a tone that makes computers think the line is disconnected, the Zapper deflects computer-dialed calls so the pitchperson never gets through. "When there's no one on the other end, you know you've zapped them," says a product rep. But hold on... Detractors claim the gadget also disconnects important computer calls, like from the police. "The best way to screen calls," huffs a spokesman for the American Teleservices Association, "is caller ID." But that's another infomercial. —Gregory Kirschling





COLLISION COURSE
Affleck (left) and Jackson drive home their points

Asphalt Rumble

BEHIND THE SCENES After a brush with death, a director shifts gears into the gritty *Changing Lanes*. by Benjamin Svetkey

ROGER MICHELL WAS ON A TRAIN WHEN he first felt the symptoms. The director of the most successful British film of all time (*Notting Hill*: \$360 million worldwide) was traveling from London to Paris to meet with a cinematographer about his next project, an epic World War II romance he was only months away from

shooting. He caught the next train home and headed straight to the emergency room.

"At first, they couldn't find anything wrong with me,"

Michell, 45, recalls today, three years later, now fully recuperated and sipping a cup of English breakfast tea in a Beverly Hills hotel bar. "But then they

did an EKG and the nurse turned to me and said, 'Are you aware that you're having a heart attack?'"

As fate would have it, that heart attack may have saved Michell's life—at least professionally. The film it prevented him from directing turned out to be one of last summer's biggest bombs, *Captain Corelli's Mandolin* (which ended up being directed by John Madden, who might want to think about upping his cholesterol). Instead, Michell took some time

off, quit smoking, and now he's following up *Notting Hill* with a very different sort of film, *Changing Lanes*, an edgy urban drama that just happens to be about the vagaries of fate—how the tiniest twist of it can alter the course of one's whole life (see review on page 44).

"I suppose you could draw a connection between what happened to me and [the themes of] this movie," the filmmaker concedes. "But I really have no idea why I decided to do *Changing Lanes*—except that it wasn't another romantic comedy. Romantic comedies are very hard and boring to shoot—much harder than this movie was—because they're not funny while you're making them. We did a read-through of *Notting Hill* on the last day of rehearsal and that was the last time

I laughed for four months."

Whatever else it may be, *Changing Lanes* is definitely no yukfest—and there isn't much love to be found in it, either. Set during 36 hours in the spring in New York City, the film stars Ben Affleck and Samuel L. Jackson as a hotshot young attorney and a down-and-out divorced dad who cross paths during a fender bender on the FDR Drive, then spend the rest of the movie tearing at each other's throats in an escalating war of nerves that nearly destroys them both. "It's being sold as a 'road rage' movie, but that's just a marketing hook," says Affleck, 29, who gained 15 pounds on a strict doughnut diet to play the puffed-up lawyer. "It's much more complicated than that. It's a drama about morality and compromise and corporate culture and alienation from the workplace and the way institutions dehumanize people...but I guess I can see why the marketing people went with 'road rage.'"

That there's a movie to market at all is itself something of an accident—or rather a long, random string of them. Jackson, for instance, might not have signed up for the film had he not "accidentally seen a play Roger had directed" in London a few years earlier. "And then I saw *Notting Hill*," Jackson, 53, continues, "and I could see that he directed his movies the same way he directed his theater—that he was more concerned with the emotional aspects of his characters, that he doesn't just use actors to take up space in a scene."

Affleck might have passed on *Lanes* too, if he hadn't been stuck on an aircraft carrier when he read the script. "I was making *Pearl Harbor*, which is the sort of movie

where the characters are obviously subservient to the action," he says. "And the script for *Changing Lanes* was so different from that. It was a totally character-driven story. That really appealed to me, especially on that aircraft carrier."

How the screenplay first landed in producer Scott Rudin's hands wasn't so much an accident as it was a miracle: One day in 1995, a production assistant on the set of Rudin's remake of *Sabrina* had the temerity to approach his boss and pepper him with story pitches. Rudin punished such hubris by paying the PA (known today as *Changing Lanes* screenwriter Chap Taylor) to flesh out his idea for a drama about a fateful car crash. Of course, Rudin didn't

leave everything to chance: He later hired veteran Hollywood scribe Michael Tolkin (*The Player*, *Deep Impact*) to rewrite Taylor's script. "Michael did a lot of work on tone," Rudin, 43, explains. (Taylor's tone these days is extremely quiet; he did not respond to repeated interview requests.)

One thing Tolkin didn't change was the setting. "New York City was what always interested me most about the idea," Rudin says. "That New York functions with this many people and this much rage and doesn't implode—that always amazes me."

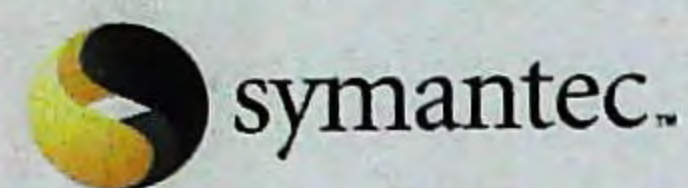
It may not implode, but it has suffered other disasters recently. And that obviously raises some sensitive ques-

tions for a film that's as much about New York City (Michell spent three months early last year shooting on its streets) as it is about the hard-edged inhabitants on the screen. After the Sept. 11 attacks, are enraged New Yorkers really what audiences want to see? "I don't think that's going to be a problem," says Michell, sipping his tea. "In fact, there's even a shot of the Twin Towers. At one point, on Sept. 13, I took it out of the movie. But then I thought more about it and put it back in. It dates the movie, I know, but I don't care. I wanted to keep the towers. I think it would be a shame to pretend they were never there."

At least now his heart seems to be in the right place. ■



RAGING GRACEFULLY (1) Jackson pleads his case in family court; (2) law-firm boss Sydney Pollack (left) dresses down Affleck; (3) from left, Michell, Rudin, and Affleck are all smiles on the *Changing Lanes* set

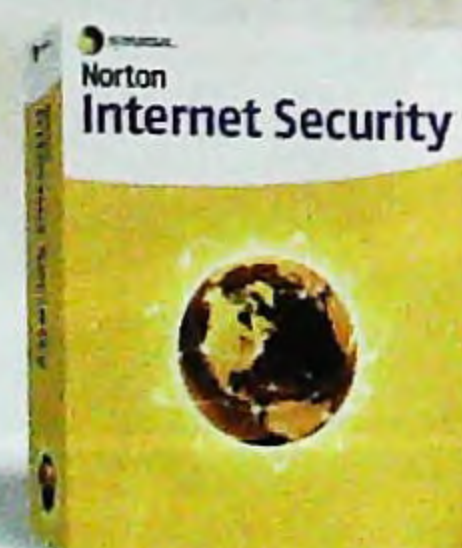


Pictures you don't want him to see.

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Night Rider

BEING THERE Losing sleep with Comedy Central's *Insomniac*. by Josh Wolk

IT'S 7 P.M. ON A SATURDAY NIGHT IN NEW YORK City, and Dave Attell is standing on a midtown curb, relaxing with a cigarette (the first of many) before another dusk-till-dawn shoot for Comedy Central's *Insomniac With Dave Attell*, a weekly nocturnal expedition (airing Wednesdays at 10:30) he describes as "E!'s *Wild On* for ugly people." ♦ That sounds about right. *Insomniac* takes the 37-year-old comic

on a city-hopping exploration of night shifters and fringe dwellers—which leads to everything from a gay S&M piercing party in Boise, Idaho, to hunting nutria (giant rats) with the New Orleans police. The SPF-free travelogue ties with *The Man Show* as Comedy Central's second-highest-rated program, and since its season 2 move to prime time, its ratings have nearly tripled, averaging 1 million viewers. "The network gave it no off-air marketing support," says Comedy Central VP Lou Wallach. "The show made it on its own through word of mouth."

Attell hops into a van and heads off to shoot *Insomniac*'s season finale. EW tagged along with a fistful of No-Doz.

8:15 P.M. Okinawan Isshin-Ryu Karate Dojo, Bellerose, Queens

Attell suits up for an evening martial-arts class frequented by off-duty cops. Instructor Michael Calandra introduces Attell to a rare jujitsu style by repeatedly slamming him onto a mat. ("Cup, please!" begs Attell.) The comic improvises most of the show's comments, usually steering them below the black belt.

When Calandra warns that if he slips into fight mode, Attell may lose a testicle, the host replies, "Wow, then I'd be down to none."

10 P.M. Castle Heights heavy metal bar, Jackson Heights, Queens

Attell stops to talk to one pierced patron who enthusiastically starts a rambling story with "Dude, you shoulda been there!" Attell interrupts: "I can't tell you how many times I hear stories that begin with 'You shoulda been there!'"

When taping in a bar, the comic always boozes along with his interviewees. Here, he has a Bud, a shot of Jägermeister, and a mystery beer a patron buys him. "I try to keep it to a respectable level," says Attell, "but sometimes it goes from funny to sad." Adds producer Nick McKinney, "There have been times when we've taken an early meal break, because we've done two bars, he's done 10 shots, and we have to say, 'O-o-okay, let's get you a cheeseburger.'"

11 P.M. China Chalet, Manhattan

The weekly "Goddesses Party" held in this financial district Chi-



WHO DA MANWICH? *Insomniac*'s Attell gets down at the Goddesses Party

nese restaurant is for "big, beautiful women and men and their admirers," says organizer Nancy "Goddess" Esposito. With pumping music and a parade of chicken-wing platters, it's a celebration of plus-plus-size pride. Hugged by a bosomy partygoer, Attell says, "I come for the food but stay for the cleavage."

He never makes weight jokes, observing his grateful-guest ethos. "We're thankful to anyone who lets us be a part of their event," he says. "I'm not gonna insult anyone in here, because look at me. I'm not Matt Damon." (The crowd seems pretty well-adjusted, though. When he asks a group of bubbly women what they like to be called, they exclaim, "Fat chicks!") He's more inclined to target himself: After a partygoer reassures him that he's not *that* bald, he replies, "I'm bald enough not to get laid, I'll tell you that."

3:40 A.M. Montague Street, Brooklyn Heights

Attell wanders the streets to catch people stumbling home from bars and encounters two weary Banana Republic employees taking a break from restocking the spring line. They're a bit confused when he peppers them with beauty queries: "Is there anything I need to be shaving? Do I need a Brazilian wax?" The workers sign the release forms, though they're still slightly unsure of what the footage is for. Before leaving, Attell chirps, "Thanks, guys, and welcome to the world of porn!"

4:30 A.M. Wrap time

Attell limps back to the van. "My hip is starting to hurt from the jujitsu," he says. "And I haven't drank enough tonight not to feel it."

AGENCY: CORBIS SABA

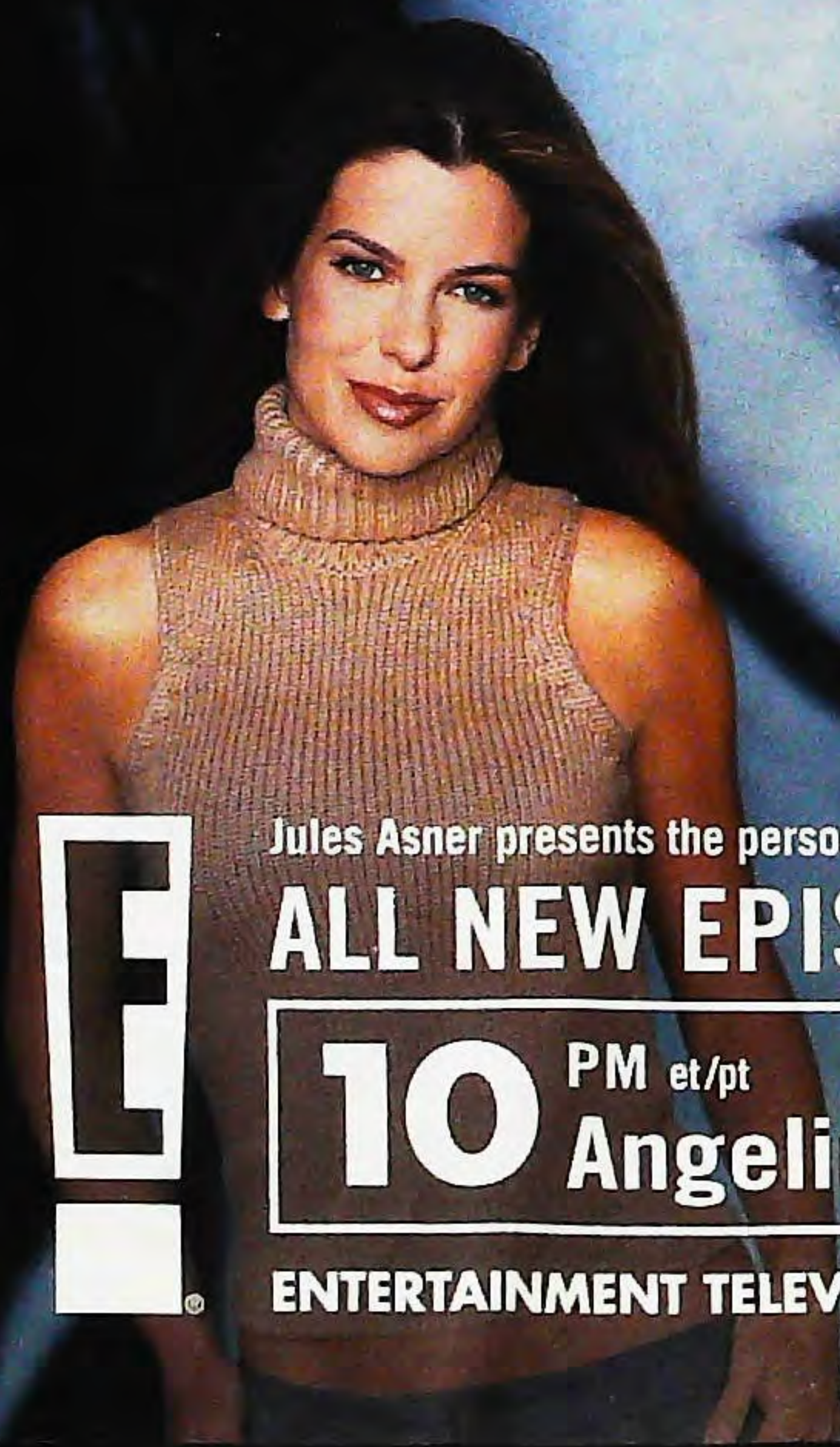
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Psychic Friend

CLOSE-UP His name is Bill Burns, and Hollywood stars and execs swear by his powers of prediction. **by Gary Cohen**

FOR SOME OF HOLLYWOOD'S ELITE, THE center of power is not Asia de Cuba at the Mondrian Hotel, but a half mile away, above a traffic school on Santa Monica Boulevard in West Hollywood. This is the nondescript office of Bill Burns, a psychic whose clients include top stars, agents, and execs at networks and studios (not to mention the wife

of an ex-presidential candidate). "Bill," says the producer of a major '80s sitcom, "is like Oz."

Here's a peek behind the curtain: For an hour-long session, costing \$275, the barrel-chested 61-year-old Boston native gives insiders a sixth sense about the biz—though he says he never reads *Variety* and has seen only

three movies since *Doctor Zhivago* 37 years ago. Working from the name or photograph of a person a client wants "profiled," Burns enters a trancelike state. "I get an instant knowing about who they are in relationship to the question I'm being asked," he says. "I can immediately and intuitively visualize the person's

motivations, hot buttons, reliability, and integrity."

Since moving to L.A. in 1979, Burns has developed a loyal clientele—several of whom spoke to ENTERTAINMENT WEEKLY about his skills (while declining to identify themselves).

A literary agent says she routinely uses Burns to screen her list of authors seeking representation. "He told me one [potential client] 'can be big if he wanted to be,' and the writer later won a Pulitzer Prize."

One top TV agent consulted Burns on where to pitch a new series. "I asked him to choose between ABC and NBC, and he told me to take my pitch to CBS

first," he says. "He was right."

When the star of one of TV's longest-running sitcoms asked why she was finding it hard to make friends on the set, Burns says, he told her she had become intimidating to her cast-mates and suggested she drop defensive behaviors.

A cable exec recalls bringing Burns pictures of her two bosses. "He said the first boss was in over his head and was going to be fired, which he was, and he also warned me that the replacement boss wasn't going to mesh with me," says the suit, who then successfully negotiated her way out of the company.

Burns, a former corporate trainer for a Boston insurance company, claims he first noticed his psychic gifts in 1971 after sobering up. "As a drunk, I couldn't have harnessed those abilities," says Burns, who soon began practicing his visualizations with strangers in \$5 readings. Today, he estimates that more than half his clients are in showbiz. Some make appointments under an alias, he says, and a few arrive wearing disguises. (He never makes house calls.) While Burns says most questions are work-related, his clients insist that he doesn't do their jobs for them. "If I had to call Bill just to ask him which scripts to buy, then I shouldn't be in this business," says the cable executive, who nonetheless sought advice about which up-and-coming producers the network should approach for deals.

Despite recent allegations of deceptive practices against the company fronted by TV pitchwoman and self-proclaimed "shaman" Miss Cleo, Burns has seen no drop in business. "I'm grateful for those who are charlatans—they distract the naysayers from those who are doing a serious job," he says. "Besides, my Hollywood clients...have a real nose for bulls---." ■

AMERICAN

Got

HOW THE OSBOURNES,
A SIMPLE, HEADBANGING BRITISH

(FROM LEFT)
KELLY, OZZY,
SHARON,
AND JACK

PHOTOGRAPH
BY DAN
WINTERS

FAMILY, BECAME OUR NATION'S
LATEST REALITY-TV ADDICTION

BY NANCY
MILLER





OZZY! OZZY! OZZY!" IT'S LATE ONE NIGHT IN early April, and a boisterous chant is rising from the gathering crowd. Hyped-up college dudes and tank-top-clad chicks are perched atop their cars, pumping their fists and hoping to get a glimpse of heavy metal's premier prince of darkness. Is this the parking lot at Ozzfest? ♦ Unfortunately for the residents of this previously tranquil Beverly Hills neighborhood, the arena-rock scenario is now simply everyday life on the posh street where both the Osbournes and *The Osbournes* reside. In the last six weeks, a Hollywood tour bus has begun making an average of 20 exhaust-spewing pit stops per day in front of the yellow mansion MTV has made famous. "My one regret with the show is that we used our real house," says Ozzy, bunkered on his living room sofa. "I mean, the Munsters didn't use their real house!"

Of course, Herman and company also didn't discuss the pros and cons of gynecology, or throw a ham at their annoying neighbors, or—if you want to get real technical here—actually exist in real life. Which is what makes *The Osbournes*—starring 53-year-old bat-biting shock-rocker Ozzy; his 50-year-old

ferociously loving mama bear of a wife, Sharon; his charmingly deadpan son, Jack, 16; and his 17-year-old punk-rock, Kewpie-doll daughter Kelly (eldest daughter Aimee, who resides in a nearby flat, has opted to forgo a featured role in the series)—such a revolutionary TV concept. Their real life *is* the sitcom.

Spend a couple days inside chez Osbourne and you can instantly see how every inch of this family's existence lends itself to comedy: the demon-head towel racks. The large crosses etched on every doorknob. The master of the house shuffling back and forth in his black velvet slippers while he pours you some industrial-strength coffee ("it'll knock y'eyes in back y'skull" he promises) and then spoons out a bit of French Vanilla-flavored Cremora. Take a trip to the upstairs bathroom and you'll see the lyric sheet to "Papa Don't Preach" lying on a countertop (looks like Kelly, who will be performing the song with two members from Incubus on the upcoming *Osbournes* soundtrack, has been crooning into the bathroom mirror again). Lurk near Jack's bedroom door (which is covered with Tool stickers) and chances are you'll hear nothing but the sounds of a tired kid sleeping off a late night out scouting bands for Epic records. Meanwhile, somewhere in the backyard, Sharon's genteel English accent lifts to its highest

PHOTO PAGE 1: STYLING AND GROOMING: AUSTIN BUNN; ACTING ARTISTS: THIS PAGE: 1. SCOTT WHELAN/RETNA



IN THE LAND OF OZ (1) With kids Kelly, Aimee, and Jack at a 1988 concert; (2) Sharon, Kelly, Ozzy, TV-shy Aimee, and Jack at the 2000 Grammy awards; and (3) new 'dos for everyone—Jack, Sharon, Ozzy, and Kelly—at last month's *TRL*



pitch as she lavishes endless praise on her five beloved dogs.

"It's all real," says MTV Entertainment president Brian Graden, who greenlighted the *Osbournes* concept last fall. "We sent the cameras out. We had really no idea what we were going to get. We simply started collecting footage. And as we viewed dailies, we saw things, like the Osbournes throwing food at their neighbors or when Kelly comes home with a tattoo. We began to see that a lot of these story lines mirrored classic domestic sitcom story lines, yet with a twist of outrageousness that you wouldn't believe."

For instance, the upcoming "A Very Ozzy Christmas" episode (airing, in typically dysfunctional fashion, in late April) features a classic my-son-wants-to-pack-a-switchblade-for-his-night-on-the-town parenting dilemma, which results in a very un-Ward Cleaverish (but no less heartfelt) confrontation. Quoth Ozzy: "Don't f--- with knives, man! If you get busted, I'll f---ing bust your ass!" Jack surrenders, drops the blade, and angrily hustles out the door. Then, to a jagged guitar soundtrack, Ozzy tries to locate a hiding place for the knife, finally deciding on a spot that Jack will never look—underneath a banana in the fruit basket. Cue commercial break.

Of course, not everyone gets the joke behind these domestic

vignettes (during which the MTV censors are kept busy furiously bleeping). Ozzy, for one, is baffled that folks are into watching his daily routine. "I don't bloody understand why people think it's funny, me taking out the trash. I mean, I'm a guy. I don't have a f---ing trash roadie."

Well, let's let MTV's Graden explain the appeal to Ozzy: "It's the juxtaposition of the fantastical rock-star life with the ordinary and the everyday. In one episode we start where he's just trying to turn on the vacuum cleaner. Before anything gets off the ground, you're thinking, Am I really seeing Ozzy Osbourne trying to turn on the vacuum cleaner?"

Since *The Osbournes*' March 3 debut, Ozzy's befuddlement with various household challenges (the TV remote control and trash bags serve as constant sources of frustration) has attracted a steadily growing audience, reaching upwards of 5 million viewers, making the show one of MTV's highest-rated series in history.

So how in the name of Downtown Julie Brown did all this come to pass? The concept for *The Osbournes* was quickly hashed out over a friendly dinner/pitch meeting between Sharon, Jack, Kelly, Graden, and other MTV execs including senior VP of music development Lois Curren. "They made an appearance on [an episode of] *Cribs*," recalls Curren. "Then about a year later, we had dinner with Sharon and the kids. We just laughed so hard over Sharon's stories that we said, 'That's the show: *You guys*.' When Sharon said, 'Well, as a matter of fact, we'll be moving into a new home,' we thought, What a fantastic way to start a series."

Before filming began last October, MTV tricked out the new Osbourne abode with 12 cameras (piggybacked on the house's security system), built two production offices out of quaint guest bedrooms, and dispatched three film crews to follow the clan around for nearly 18 hours a day. In an effort to be as inconspicuous as possible, the crew would enter and exit the house through one of the production office's windows. "We could have gone through the garage," says the show's executive producer Greg Johnston. "But we wanted to make sure we didn't p--- them off. At any point if they wanted to kick us out, they could have."

Yeah, right. Sharon Osbourne, a notoriously savvy businesswoman (and the Svengali behind her husband's career moves), is far too sharp to pull the plug on such a masterstroke of commerce-meets-publicity. The Osbournes not only pocket a reported \$20,000 per episode (of which there'll be 13 this season), but the show also gives the clan a chance to (a) expand Ozzy's fan base out of boomer oblivion and into the rockin' 18–24 demographic (which will certainly help fill seats at those Ozzfest concerts) and (b) take the edge off of Ozzy's historically hideous persona.

And it's working. In just six weeks, the show has managed to transform Ozzy's image from the object of religious groups' vilification to that of a role model for the modern, lovable old-codger brand of fatherhood. Ten years ago his albums were among the first to get slapped with warning labels, and now

HARRY HAMLIN

SUSAN DEY

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WRITTEN AND DIRECTED BY WALTER KLENHARD

PG

men's magazines are asking him for parenting advice. "I've become everybody's American father and I'm not even American," Ozzy says, before adding, "I would love it if the f---ing President would give me honorary citizenship." (Perhaps Ozzy can personally pass along that request next month, when he and Sharon attend the White House Correspondents' dinner—W will also be in the house.)

Thanks to the show's popularity, Ozzy isn't the only member of the family who can trade on his fame. These days even Sharon is getting the rock-star treatment. "Yo, Sharon! Love your show!" shouts some guy with a shaved head and an upturned thumb, at the Rainbow, the rocker hangout she's been frequenting for more than 20 years. Waitresses, twentysomething club kids, two members of Cypress Hill, even the typically prickly Bill Maher saunter up to Sharon to compliment her on the show. Thanks to a bottleneck of well-wishers, the eight steps from the hostess station to the door take Sharon 20 minutes to navigate. And just as she's about to leave, a random thirtysomething in-

tentionally brushes up against Sharon and then brags into his cell phone, "I just touched Sharon Osbourne."

The extreme level of hype has come as a shock to Sharon. "I thought it would be like *Absolutely Fabulous*," she says as she drives home from the Rainbow. "Like something popular but only with a small number of people. I had NO idea it would ever be like this." As she's talking, a couple in the car next to her are pointing at Sharon, laughing and high-fiving at their star sighting.

KELLY OSBOURNE'S ON HER WAY TO CHICHI L.A. department store Fred Segal with Sharon and Jack. She's about to jump into the passenger side of her mom's silver Mercedes, but as the driveway gate slowly opens, she's immediately buttonholed by two gals in a parked SUV who shout, "Kelly! Can we get a picture with you?"

Kelly smiles, her lips thick with gloss, and marches over to pose in between the two women, who breathlessly explain how they came all the way from Colorado and have been wait-



THE OSBOURNES A-Z

ANIMALS Currently they care for five canines and three kitties: "It's like f---ing Dr. Dolittle's f---ing house here," complains Dad (see also: Lola).
BIRD THE Household sign of affection, as flipped by both Jack and Ozzy.
CREDIT CARD A gold version of which was lost by a panicked Kelly, after a girls-only shopping expedition with Dad's charge account.
DIET SODA Ozzy's frequent elixir of choice.
ELIJAH WOOD Effortlessly polite part-time Frodo—and apparent music fan—who, along with his sister, pays a visit to the Ozzy homestead after seeing a band with Kelly and Jack.

F--- The oft-recurring, default obscenity employed by the Osbournes (e.g., "Shut the f--- up and go to bed," Sharon endearingly tells the kids).

GYNECOLOGIST Source of animosity for Kelly, who's unwillingly booked for an appointment by her older sister, which leads to a loud discussion with Dad over the merits of "vagina doctors."

HAM Sharon's weapon of choice against her noisy neighbors; after tossing a piece of pork over the fence, she receives a visit from the police.

IN-STORE APPEARANCE Promotional stint held at a Los Angeles record store, where Ozzy signs chests, plays with infants, and handles a ferret.

JAY LENO Host of *The Tonight Show*, which Sharon forces Ozzy to make an appearance on, even though she (Continued on page 29)

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ing outside for three days. One of them is crying.

Meanwhile, Jack is visibly agitated, standing off to the side, observing the fame-mongers with a plain gray sweatshirt draped over his head just above his thick-framed glasses. "I just think it's f---ing rude, that's all," he mutters to no one in particular. "I just think it's our f---ing house and we shouldn't encourage people."

Kelly comes back to the car looking flushed and slightly annoyed. "Do you know what she just said? She just said, [mimicking a high-pitched annoying girl voice] 'Oh you're so much smaller than you are on TV!'" Kelly gestures to her midsection. "She meant here!"

Kelly has had it with people talking about two things: her dad biting the head off a bat ("It happened a million years ago!") and her weight. "I'm not fat and I'm not thin," says Kelly later that night over Chilean sea bass (which, in the custom of her dad, she eats with her fingers) at the Beverly Hills Hotel with her new best friend, Mandy Moore (that's right, *the* Mandy Moore). "And I'm not trying to be a f---ing supermodel, so I wish people would just leave it alone. I'll read a website and someone will say, 'Two words, Kelly: *Slim-Fast*.' And I'm just like, Oh, f--- off!"



A TANGLED WEB (1, 2) Ozzy got caught up in his stringy getup during an October spot on Leno's *Tonight Show*

Waify actress/pop star Moore sports a new blond haircut for the movie she's currently filming with Elijah Wood (who, incidentally, popped up in episode No. 2 of *The Osbournes* as Jack and Kelly's companion at a Zwan concert). In her extra-small peasant top, Moore pokes at her sea bass with a fork. "I wish I could be like that," she says of Kelly's rabid indifference to criticism. "I only seem to focus on the terrible things people write about me. Did you know there's an anti-Mandy Moore website?"

God pity the tool who plans to start an anti-Jack or anti-Kelly website. When it comes to her family, Mama Osbourne is ferally protective. No sooner did Sharon learn that Kelly's looks

THE OSBOURNES A-Z (CONTINUED)

admits it's "too mainstream," and that "Ozzy doesn't like doing any TV at all"; Ozzy and Jay engage in an awkward preshow chat.

KISSING When indulged in by Sharon and Ozzy, proves disgusting to Kelly, who claims her folks are "too old" to be snogging in public.

LOLA Once the most pugnacious pooch in the house (before getting the heave-ho), this mischievous bulldog chewed a chair, tussled with Ozzy's bulldog puppet, and soiled the rug after a session with a pet therapist.

MICHAEL Osbourne security guard, who mostly watches TV with Ozzy.

NANNY The admirably unflappable Melinda, who's in charge of keeping Jack and Kelly on time, and on their best behavior when the parents are otherwise engaged. Among her duties: picking up Jack after his delinquency-ridden stay at a "hippieish" school camp, and taking Kelly to the vet, where one of the cats gets a procedure done "up [the] bum."

OUIJA BOARD Used as a decoration for Kelly's elaborate birthday party, which also involved a contortionist, hordes of camera-friendly L.A. teens, and—much to Ozzy's chagrin—pounding dance music.

P. DIDDY Self-professed Ozzy fan who runs into him backstage

at MTV's *TRL*; Ozzy says he's "so glad...that court case went okay."

QUEEN OF METAL Sharon's affectionate nickname for Pomeranian Minnie.

REMOTE CONTROL A source of frustration for History Channel-loving Ozzy, who relies on Jack to help him with the house's newfangled satellite system.

SKULLS A recurring interior-design motif within Chateau Osbourne.

TATTOO Kelly gets a small heart on her left hip for her birthday; Mum objects, while Dad warns her of his own needle-and-ink skin infections.

UNDERWEAR LINES A point of contention between mother and daughter—Kelly's against them, Mom finds them "sexy"—during a lengthy, thong-intensive debate.

VACUUM CLEANER A mystery to Kelly, Ozzy, and Sharon, who can't quite figure out how to turn it on.

WOBLER Ozzy's classification for Kelly, based on her inexplicable spaz-outs.

X-PATRIATE Oldest daughter Aimee, 18, who lives away from the clan in an effort to separate herself from the Osbourne dynasty.

YEAST INFECTION A gynecological malady, from which a too-informative Kelly points out she's never suffered.

Z's Noise emanating from Ozzy, who, even during the family's highest-decibel spats, still manages to catch winks. —Brian M. Raftery

got slagged on MTV.com than she went online and gave them a piece of her mind ("There are a few people out there who have said inappropriate things about Kelly," wrote Sharon. "She's just a beautiful 17-year-old who much like you is just trying to find herself in life."). Those goons got off super easy considering that during her 20-year career as Ozzy's manager, Sharon's been known to kick and threaten anyone who dared mess with her brood.

Though she insists she has "mellowed considerably" over the years, all it takes is a heads-up from her publicist about a certain music maga-

zine's plans to do an Osbourne cover story without her family's cooperation to cause Sharon to go ballistic. Claiming the editor of the mag once referred to her husband as "too old and uncool" to make the cover of his magazine, Sharon now calls the man in question "a bad-breathed, dandruff-shouldered c--t" (and that's just the part we could even think about printing).

Sharon also gets annoyed when people say Ozzy's brain is fried. "He's not fried," she corrects. "He's just wasted!" She laughs, adding: "People wonder why they can't understand him? Well, you'd be hard to understand too if you drank two vats of coffee, two vats of wine, and took 25 Vicodin a day. I can't stop him. The only thing I can do is make sure he's not on the street and make sure he sleeps in a way that he won't choke to death on his own vomit."

Ozzy's been struggling with addiction since he was younger than Jack, sucking down booze, smoking pot, and taking speed. Since 1982, Ozzy has been in and out of 14 rehab clinics; only after a particularly bad vodka binge in 1989, during which he tried to strangle his wife (and ended up in jail), has he managed to enjoy a few stretches of complete sobriety. Still, "the only time I really feel comfortable in my own skin is when I'm drinking or taking pills," says Ozzy. "You know *The Wizard of Oz*, when they get to the end and there's this wimpy man behind the curtain? That's how I feel. This big persona, this flaming demon, and I'm this little man."

Ozzy's latest topple off the wagon came during the filming of the series when he slipped in the shower and sustained a stress fracture in his leg. Sharon says the doctors prescribed Vicodin, which he soon began to abuse. "When people tell me take one every five hours, I'll take five every one hour," he says. Combine that with the glass of wine or two he allows himself (this becomes a major plot point in the April 17 episode) and voilà: instant stupor!



WEDDED BLITZ Ozzy and Sharon neck at their 1982 Maui nuptials

As for the other obvious aspects of the rocker's questionable health (particularly his quaking hands and his shuffling gait that some have nicknamed his "E.T. walk"), Sharon points to the countless chemicals he's ingested and a mysterious nerve condition that doctors misdiagnosed as MS in the early '90s. Ozzy also admits he takes antipsychotic medication, one common side effect of which is Parkinson's-like tremors.

But not to worry. *The Osbournes'* leading man isn't so frail as to quash the possibility of a second season—this time the gang will leap the pond and film in the family's

100-year-old farmhouse, located in a small town in England. And just in case you'd like your reality MTV a tad more hip-hoppy, P. Diddy's people say he and the network are talking shop about doing a show. Wait, there's more: An MTV chronicle of pop star Brandy's pregnancy is also in the gestation phase ("It's not definite, definite, definite," says the singer's publicist, but it is "in the works.")

Meanwhile, the clan that started this craze is cozying up to its life-in-a-fishbowl existence. One recent evening, the Osbournes pile onto Jack's bed to watch a tape of the Christmas episode, which Sharon, as exec producer, has to sign off on. Everyone howls with laughter while watching the tape. Ozzy holds his O-Z-Z-Y tattooed fingers to his face, smirking, looking pleased with himself for once. Usually he can't bear to watch the show because "I look like a million-year-old man and I hate the sound of my voice. It's horrible!"

"That was a good one," says Sharon after the episode ends with a choral rendition of Black Sabbath's "Iron Man." "Did you like that?" She nudges Ozzy with her foot.

"Well, yeah, sort of," Ozzy responds with an indifferent shrug. Sharon razzes Ozzy. "Ah ha ha! You liked it, come on!" Sharon gets up and digs her fingers into Ozzy's underarms.

"Don't tickle me. Don't f---ing tickle me!"

"Sorry," says Sharon sincerely, but doesn't stop.

"Do you don't you," Ozzy sputters. "Why don't you take me seriously!"

"Oh yes, I do, Daddy! I love you," says Sharon.

"Oh," sighs Ozzy as he inches away from her. "F--- off."

Sharon turns away from Ozzy and winks. ■ (Additional reporting by Evan Serpick)



For more photos of the Osbournes, old and new, see ew.com/theosbournes.



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With **THE ROOKIE**, DENNIS QUAID brings the heat back to his career

IT'S TWO O'CLOCK on a magnificent Friday afternoon in Emigrant, Mont., and Dennis Quaid is nowhere to be found. ♦ "I'll be honest with you—he just went out for a ride," says Kurt, the 25-year-old caretaker of the actor's 500-acre ranch. "He knows you guys have an appointment now, but he just does this sometimes." A good hour later, Quaid, clad in a cowboy hat and boots, appears on horseback, seemingly oblivious to his tardiness. "It's boy heaven out here," he says, sporting his familiar toothy smile. ♦ It's easy to forgive his carefree attitude; maybe that's because, for Quaid, life hasn't always been so heavenly. Twelve years ago, he was a substance abuser more skilled at scoring hits of cocaine than hits at the box office. Today, in the wake of his very public divorce from Meg Ryan (who made headlines with a short-lived affair with her *Proof of Life* costar, Russell Crowe), he's reached the top of a decade-long climb back to leading-man status. Building on

PITCHER PERFECT

the ensemble successes of 2000's *Traffic* and last year's HBO drama *Dinner With Friends*, Quaid, 48, has earned some of his most glowing reviews with a beautifully underplayed title performance in *The Rookie*, the true story of Texas science teacher Jim Morris, a former big-league hopeful who, at age 35, finally achieved his dream of pitching for the Tampa Bay Devil Rays. The \$21 million film, Quaid's 40th, cracked a \$16 million opening weekend, making it a personal best for the actor. And, in case you were wondering, it tops the debuts of Ryan's last three outings: *Hanging Up*, *Kate & Leopold*, and—oh, how sweet it is—*Proof of Life*. He and Ryan may share responsibility for their 10-year-old son, Jack, but right now it seems like Quaid may have won custody of the career. "In a way it kind of mirrors the movie," says Quaid of his reascension to the majors. "It's a second chance for me, too. And I feel like I'm ready for it." ♦ Quaid remembers catching a 1999



by DAVE KARGER



HE'S GOT GAME Playing the field with (1) *The Rookie*, (2) *Great Balls of Fire!*, (3) HBO's *Friends*, (4) *The Big Easy*; (5) Quaid met Garrett after splitting from (6) Ryan

TV news story about Morris, who was then hurling in the minors. "I thought it'd make a good movie, but I didn't even put a thought to me being in it," he says, snacking on sesame wafers and Gatorade on his stone porch. "When the offer came I said, 'Are you sure I'm not too old for this?'" *Rookie* director John Lee Hancock had no such concerns: "Dennis looks better than any 35-year-old in Big Lake, Tex., I can promise you that."

No argument there, but give the guy credit for learning a lot along the way. After two decades of showy roles, Quaid knew that this time, it was important to keep the character's emotional trials internal. "You start out as an actor and you want to do a lot," he says. "And you just learn how to lop it all off. You can say a lot more by doing less."

Perhaps that realization stems from his first trip above the title. "Around the time of [1987's] *The Big Easy* and [1989's] *Great Balls of Fire!* there was all this heat and attention around me," he says, puffing on a Marlboro Light. "I expected it to get more and more, but I went into rehab and took two years off, and the scripts didn't come. I got taught humility. And that's a hard lesson to learn in life. And I will say that being with Meg and things happening so well for her at the time, it made the lesson for me even harder, the struggle even tougher." Says Philip Kaufman, who directed Quaid in 1983's *The Right Stuff*: "He's come through in a way where you feel that all the experiences he's [had], both on screen and off, have made him a strong man. He's been able to retain a lot of that same stuff that I saw 20 years ago."

In a strange way, his past struggles made him the perfect *Rookie*. "If he were a \$20 million-a-film actor, there would be a little bit of slumming involved with playing this role," says Hancock. "People talk about Dennis Quaid and Jeff Bridges as being those guys who never quite became that [big] movie star. So he's always been that guy we pull for."

Then again, pulling for him hasn't always been so easy. Several of Quaid's tough-sell projects, notably the medieval thriller *Dragonheart* and the pyromaniacal romance *Wilder Napalm*, were inaccessible to even hardcore supporters (and disappointments at

the box office). "I try to do as many different characters as I can, and I think that's one of my strengths as an actor," he says. "But maybe it's a weakness, because people don't know what to expect. Actors are like candy wrappers—you buy a candy bar, you want to know what you're going to get. I've been there before when the movie comes out and there's that Saturday phone call with the funeral voice on the other end [saying] that it's already over."

He certainly wasn't encouraged when he learned *The Rookie* had earned a potentially audience-limiting G rating. "I said, 'Can't we get a PG?'" he remembers. "I go to a lot of G-rated movies because I've got a 10-year-old. And I usually have a nice nap. They don't speak to me, you know? I mean, *Jimmy Neutron*?"

While he may not care for family films, he's nevertheless a family man. A doting dad who's recently discovered the pleasures of watching *The Simpsons* with his son, Quaid has only kind words for Ryan. "We're friends," he says simply. "I mean, she's the mother of my son. We always will be close." Quaid, who splits his time between the ranch and a home in Brentwood, Calif., has a new riding partner: 37-year-old fellow Texan Cynthia Garrett, a single mom he met last year at an air show in Montana.

Family ties are a theme that will run through Quaid's upcoming work as well. This fall he stars opposite Julianne Moore in the drama *Far From Heaven*, playing a husband hiding his homosexuality. And since he owns the movie rights to the life story of stock-car-racing legend Richard Petty, he plans on portraying Petty's dad, Lee. "They used to race in the same races together and his father one time [protested Richard's victory] so that he could win the race," Quaid marvels. "He was that competitive."

With *The Rookie*, Quaid's back on the fast track. Says Hancock: "I told Dennis, 'Anytime in the next few weeks, if you're having a bad day, just slip into a theater for the last 20 minutes of this movie and listen to the sustained applause.'" Too bad the movie isn't playing anywhere within 40 miles of Emigrant. But even in the middle of nowhere, Quaid is still enjoying the high. "I feel a lot of goodwill going on," he says, looking toward the limitless sky. "Jimmy Morris did me a big favor." ■

PHOTOGRAPH BY MICHAEL O'NEILL; (1) JEFFREY M. HARRIS; (2) JEFFREY M. HARRIS; (3) JEFFREY M. HARRIS; (4) JEFFREY M. HARRIS; (5) JEFFREY M. HARRIS; (6) JEFFREY M. HARRIS



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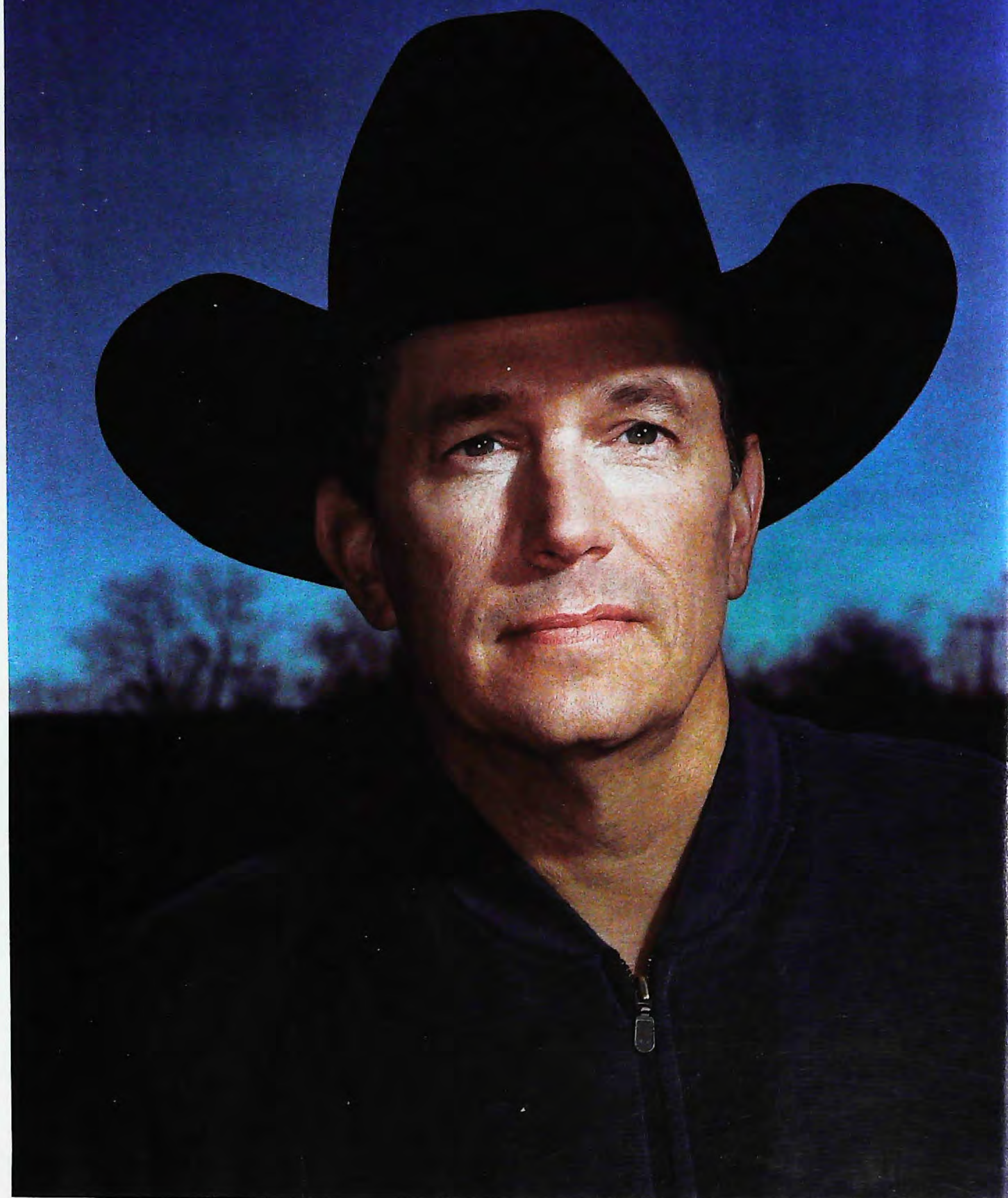


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PRESS-SHY TRAD-COUNTRY GIANT **George Strait** GOES ON THE RECORD FOR A NO-BULL Q&A



PHOTOGRAPH BY DAN WINTERS

OVER THE PAST DECADE, country-music fans have experienced the frantic energy of Garth Brooks, the videogenic va-va-voom of Shania Twain, and the down-home girl power of the Dixie Chicks. But right now, kicked back in an office just off Nashville's famed Music Row, George Strait is doing something that's considered just as riveting within true-blue country circles: He's talking. ♦ **GEORGE STRAIT DOESN'T** tend to gab much—at least not to magazines—and he doesn't really have to. Over the past 20 years, the classy, unwrinkled 49-year-old baritone from south Texas has sold more than 57 million albums of vintage-style, modern-spun tunes, and he's done it without making most of the usual concessions to the star-making grind. Still, when Strait sat down for a rare interview to chat about his platinum-selling *The Road Less Traveled*, there was no hint of hesitation; he was funny and ready to go. Despite having notched up 36 No. 1 country hits since 1982 (a dozen of which are freshly gathered on *The Best of George Strait: The Millennium Collection*), a certified masterpiece in his 1984 album *Does Fort Worth Ever Cross Your Mind*, and made a run at

by James Hunter

Strait
Talks



"I did all that stuff earlier in my career," says Strait about his reluctance to talk to the press. "I just don't do it a lot.... Country music is important to me, and I love it. But it's not my whole life."

Hollywood as a longhaired honky-tonker in the 1992 hit film *Pure Country*, the pride of the town of Poteet doesn't think of himself as a Nashville titan. Legends, for him, are the folks who inspired him—Bob Wills, Lefty Frizzell, George Jones, Merle Haggard, and Frank Sinatra. Even so, for such a quiet guy, George Strait sure has made a lot of noise:

ENTERTAINMENT WEEKLY You haven't granted an interview of any duration in six years. Were you always so dead

TOUR OF DUTY The reticent Strait submits to an on-the-bus interview while on the road in 1983

set against talking to reporters, making TV appearances, filming videos, being photographed?

STRAIT In the beginning, I wanted to be successful. I wanted to make and have hit records. And I wanted everything that went along with it.... [So] I did all that stuff earlier in my career. I did tons of interviews, and I went on *The Tonight Show*.... [But] I have other things that I enjoy. Country music is important to me, and I love it, but it's not my whole life.... I like to be outdoors, I like to hunt, I like to fish, I like to play golf. I guess that through trial and error I found some [media-associated] things that I didn't really like a lot.

EW Like doing interviews and making videos?

STRAIT I'm not big on doing interviews. And yeah, videos—well, I've never cut one that I really liked. But I've probably never gone and, you know, started [making] a video and been fully committed to it. I've probably always done them a little halfheartedly. [Laughs] That's probably why they came off [unspectacularly]. You know, you get pretty much what you put into it.

EW By that reasoning, it sounds as though you put a lot of time into *The Road Less Traveled*. It's a great George Strait album.

STRAIT I just think it's one of my better efforts in quite a while. It's like 10 strong moments. There's not one song in there I could toss out. It's something that, probably, every artist tries to do on every album, 'cause you're always striving to make the best thing that you've ever done. But it just doesn't always work out that way, for whatever reason. [Laughs] And you don't ever know that until you get it done and finished, and you sit down and listen to it. At least I don't.

EW It's been 20 years or so since you signed with MCA Records Nashville. Did you think of *The Road Less Traveled* as your anniversary recording?

STRAIT Oh, that's right: You know, I didn't give that a lot of thought but [laughs] maybe I should have. It's funny, because this album came together like *Pure Country* did—we were under the gun trying to cut that, to get it finished, because the movie deal came along pretty fast. We were trying to make different songs fit different scenes, and we did that fast.

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It's not like we did this one any faster than normal, but it kind of came together that way.

EW Is comfort an important thing to you when you're working?

STRAIT Well, it's always the best situation. If you start out trying to achieve a specific thing—like doing stadium shows or going into the studio and doing an album—the end result is what counts. That gives you pretty much a feeling that you have accomplished something that you set out to do. And that gives you a little more confidence.

EW But it seems as though being comfortable in the studio is how you get such cool vocal results.

STRAIT Well [laughs], when I'm doing my vocals I'm pretty tight. I want them to be exactly right, you know. Some are tighter than others. That's why my sessions are closed: I don't want a lot of

people in there watching. Because you're baring your soul in there [laughs], you're trying to capture something for this specific song that you want, and maybe if you try something that doesn't work [laughs] that would be a little embarrassing. So what comes off sounding real comfortable to you might have been something that was real difficult in the studio to do.

EW Can you give an example?

STRAIT I'd say the hardest song to sing on the new album was the ballad.... A song like "Don't Tell Me You're Not in Love," that's not easy for me to sing. It may come off sounding that way on the record. But it's not.

EW Your vocals, even when you get a little fancy, do sound relatively effortless.

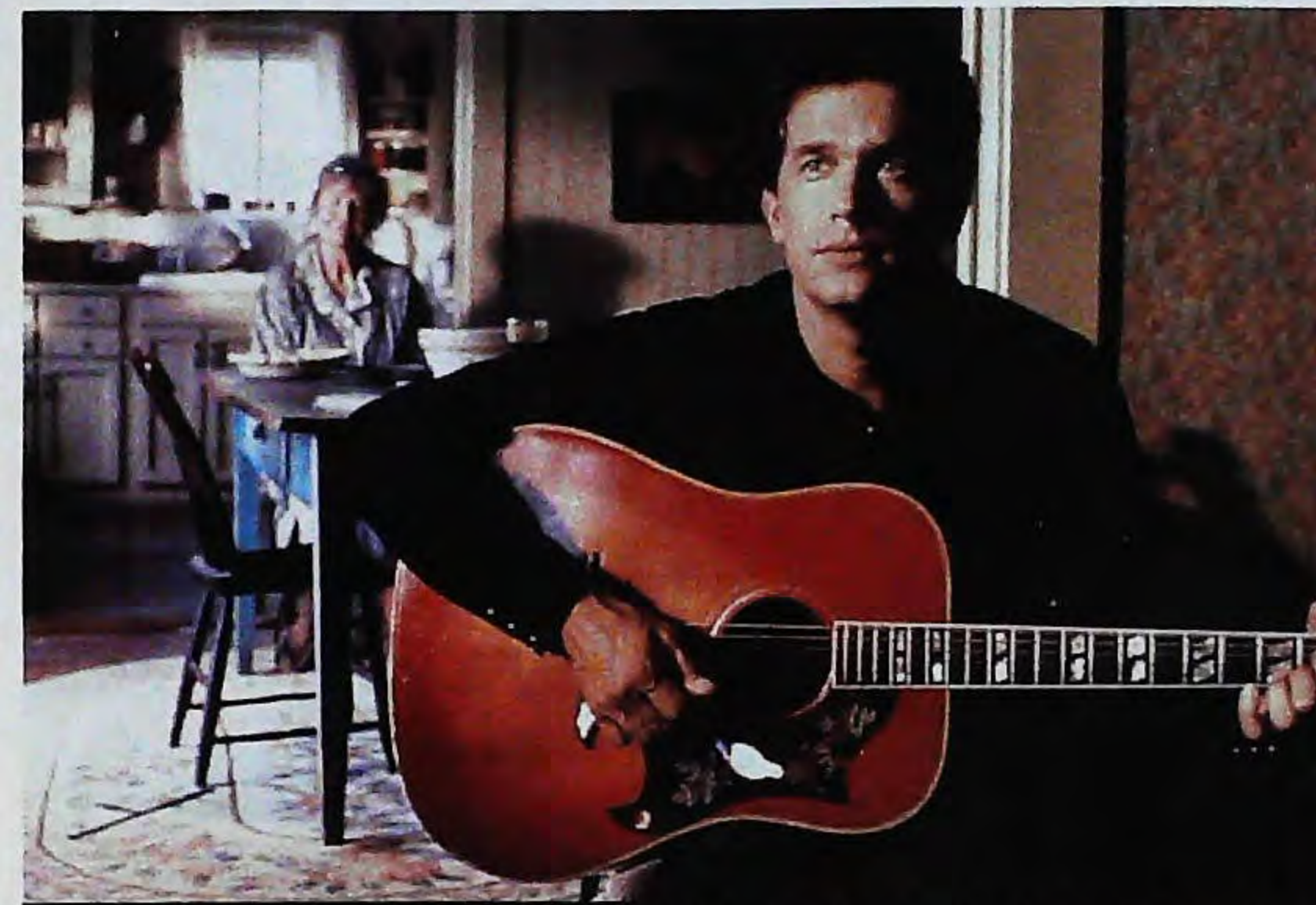
STRAIT You know, it's not an intentional thing on my part—I guess it's just the way my vocals come off.

EW Sinatra was like that.

STRAIT Ah man, Sinatra, in my opinion, is possibly the greatest male singer of all time.

EW Everyone always talks about country music in terms of the traditional and the contemporary. Does that discussion mean anything to you?

STRAIT Well, here we go talking about it again. [Laughs] Twenty years ago, when I signed with my record company, people were talking about the same thing—it's never ending. Back then, the thing was to have a crossover record and sell more albums. And then I started—but I wasn't the only one. There was a group of guys, and girls, who came along and started singing more traditional-sounding stuff. And then it just swung back the other way. Well, it's always going to do that. The lines may get a little fuzzy, but to me country music is an art form. We're not going to lose it.... I feel like my strong suit is singing traditional country music. But at the same time, I think I've got some great [country-pop songs] that are so far away from that, like "Marina Del Rey" or "The Chair." And there's a lot more—"Run," on this new album. You know, traditional country music is something



PURE AND SIMPLE The singer (with Molly McClure) didn't stray far for his film debut

that's going to be around forever.... I'm not worried about it.

EW When you recorded "Murder on Music Row," your duet with Alan Jackson, in 2000, you unnerved radio programmers with lines like "Someone killed country music/Cut out its heart and soul." Were you more worried about the survival of "real country" when you recorded it, when you first heard the song?

STRAIT No, I just died laughing when I first heard it. I'd just talked to Alan hours before—we'd discussed doing a duet. And then I went over to my manager's office and he played it for me. [Laughs] I thought it was a pretty neat song; I thought that this would be a great duet for me and Alan. So anyway, I asked him if he'd heard it, and he had. I never dreamed [laughs uproariously] that it would be so controversial in the country-music business. It says what it says, but I just thought, Well, it pokes fun at Nashville; it's not an in-your-face slap at the industry. It's just a discussion that I've heard since '81, and that we're still hearing today.

EW You've been clear about wanting to do the music you believe in, but you've also never been shy about wanting to make those styles into hits.

STRAIT You can sing songs to yourself all you want. And probably the shower is where you should do those.

EW Do you still get a kick out of being on stage?

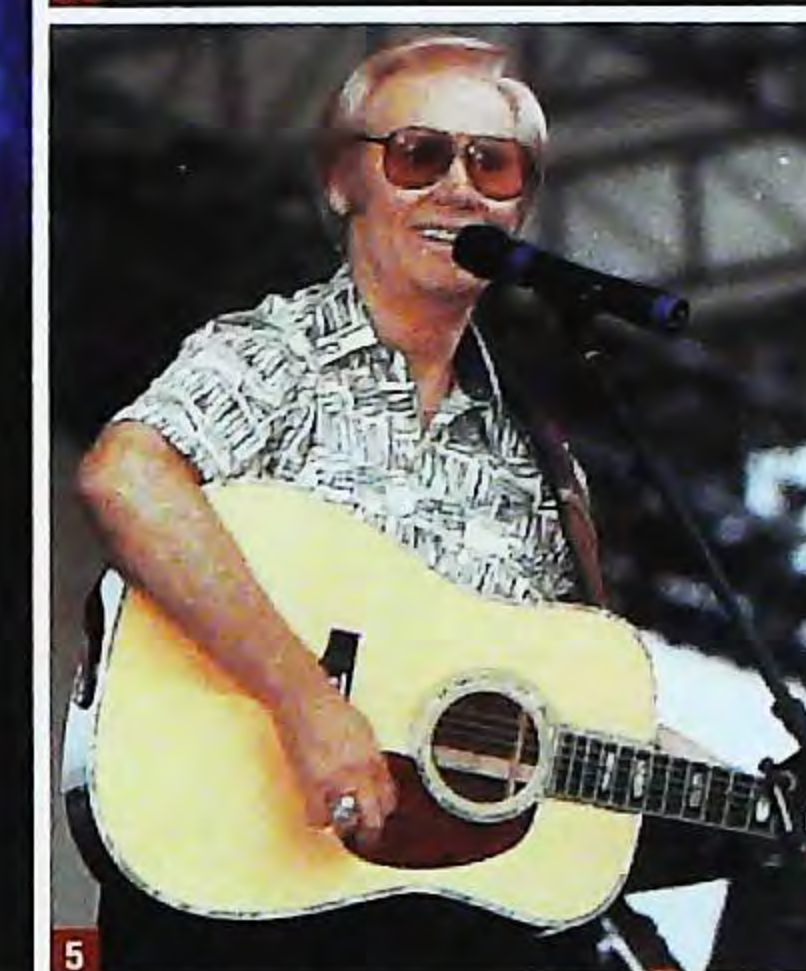
STRAIT I always enjoy it when I walk on stage. There were some times when I was working so much in the '80s, and I felt really burnt-out. But I'd be up there singing and not be 10,000 million miles away, you know, just opening my mouth and the words coming out. When the audience is really with you, there's nothing better than that.

EW How does it feel to be a legend?

STRAIT I couldn't answer that, because I don't consider myself a legend at all. You know, legends are people like Haggard and Jones and Wills and Sinatra. Those people are legends. I'm just a young buck out here trying to keep in that same circle with the rest of 'em. ■



BROTHER-ING HEIGHTS (1, from left) Emmylou Harris, Welch, and Krauss showcase one of the film's tunes at the Grammys; (2) Loveless went back to basics on her last CD; (3, from left) high-lonesome legend Stanley teams up with Lauderdale; (4) Burnett shows off his prizes; (5) Jones is fixin' to go traditional



GO MIN' HOME TO ROOTS

Thanks to the plucky success of the *O Brother, Where Art Thou?* soundtrack, the pickins aren't so slim for new fans of old country
BY CHRIS WILLMAN

TO GAUGE THE UNEXPECTED SIDE EFFECTS OF THE quintuple-platinum *O Brother, Where Art Thou?* soundtrack, consider the high profile of bluegrass king Ralph Stanley, last seen warbling about mortality's terrors at the Grammys, where the album spawned five trophies. Stanley is about to capitalize on his sudden mainstream visibility with the first release on DMZ, a new label founded by *O Brother* soundtrack producer T Bone Burnett and the movie's creators, the Coen brothers. "You know, we're gonna have a 75-year-old rock star this year," Burnett says he told the president of Columbia Records, which will distribute Stanley's self-titled album in June. "I've taken great pleasure in Ralph beginning to see some justice. I know he's enjoying it like crazy. He's driving around in his shades and black leather jacket in a new black Jaguar."

Stanley's new Bono gear aside, the *O Brother* breakthrough hasn't led to all the hallmarks of stardom for acoustic country traditionalists: Young women still aren't throwing their panties at Ricky Skaggs, Alison Krauss hasn't had any Mariah-style meltdowns on *TRL*, and Gillian Welch isn't dating her choreographer. But as Peter Blackstock, co-

editor of alternative country magazine *No Depression*, likes to say, "This is the next *medium-sized* thing." For bluegrass, even moderation is mammoth. *O Brother* would've been considered a genre smash if it had sold 129,000 copies total; it managed to hit that mark in its latest—66th—week alone. Suddenly the roots community is reeling from the fact that millions of people have a clue who Norman Blake is.

Or at least what he does. "It's amazing when you go see the Down From the Mountain tour, and a lot of people don't even know who's on the bill," says Rounder Records general manager Paul Foley, referring to the highly successful *O Brother* road-show spin-off that returns to the amphitheater circuit this summer. "Yet they're plopping down \$80 and \$90, because they want to continue to experience the album." Non-*Brother* acts benefit from the trickle down too, says Foley. "Big spike. Current music sales have declined, but ours are up dramatically. I was at a IIIrd Tyme Out show last week, and the band asked, '[For] how many people is this your first time at a bluegrass show?' Half raised their hands."

One thing's for sure: They didn't hear about the band on their neighborhood country station. Although the cable

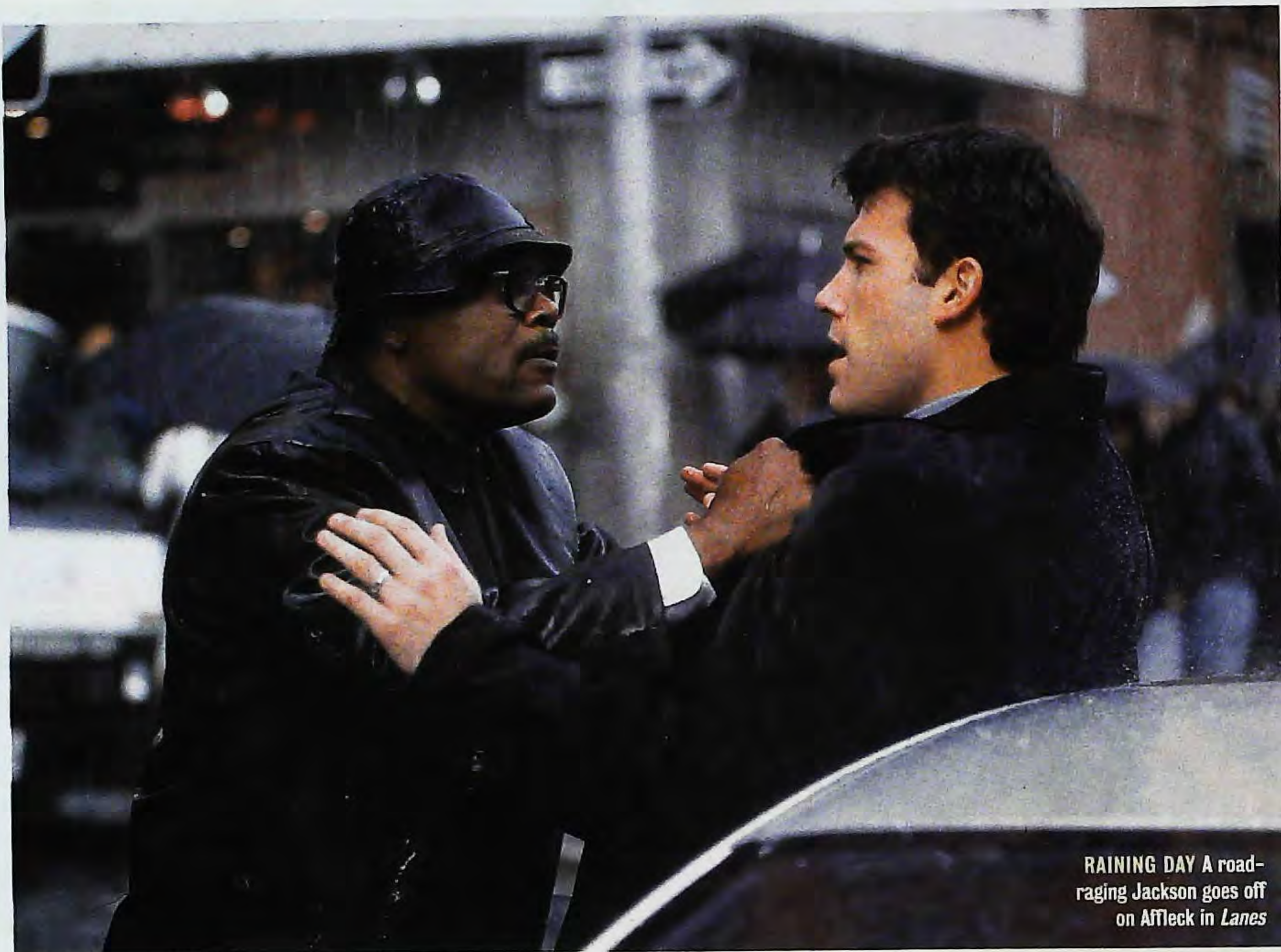
network CMT programs the Soggy Bottom Boys, Krauss, and Nickel Creek, radio is allergic. "Country radio made a decision in the early '90s to abruptly sever itself from its past," says *No Depression* coeditor Grant Alden, who's helping spearhead a syndicated show that starts later this month under the magazine's moniker, pushing airwave exiles from Bill Monroe to Lucinda Williams. "We are absolutely using *O Brother* as a whipping boy to go to commercial country radio and say, 'Look, give us two hours on Sunday. Find out if you can play this for your audience.'"

They aren't the only ones hoping to ride the soundtrack's dusty coattails. Rounder seems to issue new compilations almost weekly, sometimes even using *Brother*-redolent titles or covers—like *O Sister!*—to expose leading figures like Rhonda Vincent to a primed audience. A deluxe reissue of the landmark 1972 album some consider almost a *Brother* prequel, the Nitty Gritty Dirt Band's counterculture-meets-the-coots *Will the Circle Be Unbroken*, hit No. 10 at Amazon.com. Also contributing to nonurban renewal are mainstream crooners who've already returned to their Appalachian roots, such as Patty Loveless and Dolly Parton. A Skaggs-led tribute to Bill

Monroe is on the country chart. Hit Nashville songwriter Jim Lauderdale will release his second album of duets with Stanley in May. The Dixie Chicks have cut an entire album of acoustic music—label to be determined. And George Jones just started in on a Southern gospel quartet-style project.

Burnett suggests newcomers go back to *Brother's* source material: "A good place to start would be to find the original artists who did the stuff on the record—Skip James, Jimmie Rodgers, the Carter Family.... Getting into traditional American music is like becoming interested in wine. The vintages, the blends—it's a never-ending story."

But is *Brother* really a revolution or this year's pet rock? "I don't know that it's not a novelty," says Luke Lewis, president of Lost Highway, which released the soundtrack. "Not that it hasn't increased sales for a lot of artists—but if there's a musical cultural trend going on, it's toward a little more purity." Burnett also believes the sea change transcends genres. "I encourage people to not just think of it as renewed interest in bluegrass. I think there is a renewed interest in musicians playing music, as opposed to machines playing musicians." ■ (Additional reporting by Alanna Nash)



RAINING DAY A road-raging Jackson goes off on Affleck in *Lanes*

Revenge Is Mined

A cocky New York lawyer crosses paths with a desperate dad in the modern morality tale *Changing Lanes*. by Lisa Schwarzbaum

NATURALLY, IT'S GOOD Friday when drunk-on-life attorney Gavin Banek (Ben Affleck) tangles in a Manhattan fender bender with recovering alcoholic drone Doyle Gipson (Samuel L. Jackson). An average Friday wouldn't signify enough in the twisty sin-and-salvation homily *Changing Lanes*, a teasing drama whose relentless good-deed/bad-deed reversals are just interesting enough to make a sinner like me pray for

an even more interesting, less symmetrical, less obviously cross-shaped creation.

On this day of all days, when Christians solemnly commemorate the crucifixion of Jesus, Banek, hustling to court in his shiny BMW to screw with a dead man's will, collides with Gipson, hustling to court in his banged-up crap-mobile to plead for joint custody of his sons. Banek, a man on top,

can't be bothered to exchange insurance information—a blank check is his idea of atonement—but in his haste, he drops a file with the crucial legal document needed to pocket millions

Changing Lanes

STARRING
Ben Affleck
Samuel L. Jackson
PARAMOUNT
RATED R
99 MINUTES

from the estate for the law firm headed by his father-in-law (Sydney Pollack). Gipson, a man climbing back from rock bottom, picks up the danger-orange-colored file and sticks it in his pocket, not knowing

what he possesses. He arrives late to court, just in time to hear the judge award sole custody of his boys to his ex-wife (Kim Staunton), who plans to move with them to Oregon.

And thus do two men experience death and resurrection on a raw day in a hard-hearted city tinted a convincing shade of nervous gray by cinematographer Salvatore Totino and production designer Kristi Zea. Banek tracks Gipson down and asks for the file. Gipson, in his anger, refuses. Banek hires a computer hacker (Dylan Baker) to mess with Gipson's bank records. Gipson, in despair, contemplates a drink. (William Hurt plays his AA sponsor; the cast is dotted with fine New York stage actors creating strong, quick impressions, including Joe Grifasi as a divorce-court judge and John

Benjamin Hickey as an ad guy on a barstool.) The stakes get higher still when Banek begins to doubt the ethics of his entire stinking firm. At some point in his apoplexy, each man contemplates doing in the other.

Roger Michell, the British theater and TV director, better known for selling a happy-all-the-time London in *Notting Hill*, comes out swinging at NYC chaos: He and Totino go in for handheld camera jitters, documentary-style slanted and cropped shots, even splotches of always useful rain (the kind that falls on the rich and the poor alike). And there are many moments when the movie is expertly moved along just by the look and rhythm of the thing—the way scenes of a damp basement AA meeting elide into scenes of plush law-office entitlement, the way shadow and light cast patterns in a church confessional booth.

But for all the atmospheric stylishness, and as much I love seeing Manhattan moviescapes from that recent-yet-long-ago era that include the World Trade Center in the skyline, *Changing Lanes* isn't a movie that can get by on visual punch. It's not even a movie that can swagger along on performance, for all the lung power exercised by Affleck (working from the first page of the Affleck handbook, i.e., oozing the oily charm of a smug, fleshy bastard in need of a comeuppance) and Jackson (turning to the third page of his guidebook, i.e., condensing coal-hard fury into diamond-sharp concentration). Instead, *Changing Lanes* is a movie about moral conundrums, and more specifically, *talk* about moral conundrums. Which is to say, it's self-consciously in love with its own words.

And this script—by Chap Taylor and Michael Tolkin,

from Taylor's story—sticks so earnestly to the road map of a Fred Friendly seminar in ethical decision-making that after a while one might begin to root for some unpunished rule-breaking to occur. I don't know how the writing duties divided up line for line. But the talk and the thoughts and the notions feel very much the province of Tolkin—author of *The Player*, *The New Age*, and *The Rapture*—who so loves a good theological or moral argument that he's likely to put big-picture speeches in the mouths of even the most average-brained characters. “The law is a big, vicious rumble,” Banek's venal wife, Cynthia (Amanda Peet), informs him at a command-performance lunch during which she spells out just how little right or wrong matter to her compared with the lifestyle she wants.

It's telling, I think, that the most compelling character in this passion play is a relatively minor figure, Banek's unflappable, generous, corner-cutting, law-breaking father-in-law, who is so easily and comfortably played by Pollack that you'd follow him into even the grayest of ethical zones. “At the end of the day, I do more good than harm,” he explains. The lack of resolution about that equivocal position is welcome—something in the text actually worth discussing in the American Church of the Studio Movie. **B**

ReelWorld

News From Hollywood BY REBECCA ASCHER-WALSH

>> WILD, WILD WEST The latest Elmore Leonard novel to be adapted, *The Big Bounce*, has little in common with predecessors *Out of Sight* and *Get Shorty*. In fact, says producer Jorge Saralegui (*Showtime*), it's not even very good. In the 1969 novel, Leonard's first attempt at crime stories, “he hadn't found his voice,” says Saralegui, who asserts that scriptwriter Sebastian Gutierrez (*Judas Kiss*) has infused the script with the Leonard voice we've come to know and love. A romp about a drifter who meets his cunning match, the film is “fun and sexy,” says Saralegui, who has a deal at Warner Bros.

Casting is still a question, but “it could be anybody from Brad Pitt to Mark Wahlberg.” Saralegui is also fast-tracking the thriller *In the Lake*, about a husband's revenge on his unfaithful wife. Jon Amiel (*Entrapment*) is set to direct when he completes *The Core*, and Saralegui is hoping to snag Denzel Washington to star.

>> CARREY ON In the wake of *The Majestic*'s blah box office, Jim Carrey's chucking the mainstream with his upcoming project, *The Eternal Sunshine of the Spotless Mind*. Scripted by Charlie Kaufman, who wrote the Überwacky *Being John Malkovich* and *Human Nature* (see review on page 47), *Mind* is predictably out there: Carrey plays a man whose girlfriend has had surgery to erase memories of her ex-lover. “You see their relationship being played out from the bad ending to the sweet beginning,” says Kaufman. Don't look for a sweetheart of an actress to costar; says Kaufman: “The woman is not particularly nice.”

>> FURTHERMORE *Panic Room*'s Jodie Foster is staying calm about directing *Flora Plum*, a drama about carnies that was derailed in the fall of 2000 when star Russell Crowe injured his shoulder prepping for the role. “It will happen,” says Foster. “It's fully financed, and I want to direct it.” But, she adds, “It won't happen with Russell.” (Additional reporting by Cindy Pearlman)

PLUM POSITION Foster is not counting Crowe in for *Flora*



WASHINGTON



WASHINGTON: ROGER HARVEY/GLOBE PHOTOS; FOSTER: KEVIN MAZUR/WIREIMAGE.COM



TOASTER GIRLS Sweet Things Diaz, Blair, and Applegate drink in the nightlife

Candid Cameron

A self-adoring Cameron Diaz makes love to the camera in the bad-girl romantic comedy *The Sweetest Thing*

IN *The Sweetest Thing*, Cameron Diaz teases, flirts, seduces, and dares to act the fool, all as a way of declaring her love to the most desirable person on screen: herself. As Christina, a San Francisco It Girl with a rockin' bod that appears composed entirely of rotating joints, Diaz spends the movie haplessly pursuing a guy she talked to for 10 minutes at a nightclub, but there's really only the thinnest pretense that this is the man of her dreams. She looks happiest when she's plugged into the socket of her own sexiness—dancing solo, for instance, her luxe lamé hair spilling over her shoulders, her butt gyrations designed to highlight the sloping curve at the back of her waist that's become her signature as surely as Britney Spears' tawny belly.

The Sweetest Thing, a girls-rule! gross-out comedy pretending to be a romantic comedy, is a movie in which laughter and self-exploitation merge into jolly soft-porn "empowerment." At one point, Christina, along

with her best bud, Courtney (Christina Applegate), strips down to her underwear by the side of the road and does a sing-along shimmy to "Escape (The Piña Colada Song)." It's supposed to be campy, but who's kidding whom? It's really a chance for Cameron Diaz to

parade her charms with mock attitude in a skimpy stars-and-stripes bra. Is she playing to the guys in the audience or to the girls? Here's the trick: She's playing to both. *The Sweetest Thing* is full of gags that are more tasteless than funny (Courtney relieves herself in a urinal; a pouch of maggoty food gets tossed out a car and boomerangs back onto the windshield). In this case, though, the grunge jokes become the backdrop for an exercise

in Extreme Screwball. Diaz, as a role model for trash-chic post-feminist girls, struts her stuff like a *Maxim* pinup and, at the same time, gets down in the gutter just enough to prove that she can turn the tables on any given drooler.

None of which makes *The Sweetest Thing* a very good movie. It was directed by Roger Kumble, whose first film, *Cruel Intentions*, had the wit to treat teen sleaze with backstabbing

classical vengeance. The new movie, written by *South Park* veteran Nancy M. Pimental, is a debased cartoon by comparison, though a couple of the scenes do allow young women, in the wake of *American Pie* and a hundred movies like it, some equal-opportunity bottom-feeding. If you thought that Monica Lewinsky's dress was a scandal, just wait till you see the one that Jane (Selma Blair), Christina's romantically challenged other friend, brings—in the film's most crudely escalating laugh—to her dry cleaner. The central romance is, quite simply, an embarrassment, mostly because Peter (Thomas Jane),

whom Christina spends the majority of the film stalking to a wedding, comes off as a bland version of the young Kevin Costner sporting Huey Lewis' dimples. Cameron Diaz never lets you forget that she's the sweetest thing in *The Sweetest Thing*. Then again, why spoil a perfect love affair? **C+** —Owen Gleiberman

The Sweetest Thing

STARRING
Cameron Diaz
Christina Applegate
COLUMBIA
RATED R
84 MINUTES

CRITICAL MASS

Here's how a sampling of critics and movie audiences from across the country grade 10 current releases.

	EW READERS www.ew.com/critics	LIAM BERNARD Los Angeles Times	MIKE CLARK USA Today	JOANNA CONNORS Cleveland Plain Dealer	ROGER EBERT Chicago Sun-Times	RITA KEMPLEY Marquette Post	LIAM LACEY Scranton Times-Tribune	TODD MCCARTHY Wash. Post	CARRIE RICKEY Philadelphia Inquirer	RENE RODRIGUEZ The Miami Herald	ENTERTAINMENT WEEKLY	CRITICS' AVERAGE
Big Trouble	—	—	C-	B+	C	B	—	—	—	C	B	B-
Blade II	B+	—	D	B+	B	D	B	—	—	B	B-	C+
Clockstoppers	—	—	—	—	C	—	C	—	C+	—	D-	C-
Death to Smoochy	—	C-	D	D	F	D+	D+	C-	—	D	D+	D
High Crimes	—	—	C-	C+	B	B-	—	—	—	C	C	C+
Ice Age	B+	A-	B	B+	B	B	B-	B	C+	B-	B+	B
Kissing Jessica Stein	—	A-	—	B	B	A	B+	—	B	C	B-	B
Panic Room	B+	B	B-	C	B+	B	B	B	B-	B+	C+	B
Resident Evil	A-	C+	D+	—	D	—	C-	—	—	D	C+	C-
The Rookie	A-	—	B	B	C	B	—	—	—	—	B+	B

Critical Mass Movie Poll: Grade the movies yourself at www.ew.com (AOL Keyword: EW)

QUICKTAKES

AXES OF EVIL Paxton hunts demons in the serial-killer thriller *Frailty*

Frailty

Lions Gate, 100 minutes, R

Frailty IS AN IRREGULAR B horror movie. Also a religionutso thriller. Plus, it's a twisted bonding movie about a good, widowed Texas daddy (Bill Paxton, making his feature directing debut) who loves his two sons so much that he shatters their childhood: A nighttime vision—of an angel? A devil? A manifestation of insanity?—compels him to enlist his boys in the business of destroying demons by hacking folks and burying them. Against all odds in heaven and hell, it creeped me out just fine.

As one of the now-grown sons (Matthew McConaughey, enjoying sweat and scruffiness) narrates a complicated pattern of flashbacks to a skeptical FBI agent (Powers Boothe, happily hamming it up), Paxton the actor gently embraces the role of serial killer. Paxton the director, meanwhile, exults in the obviousness of the genre. *Frailty* veers toward *X-Files*-style heat-and-serve weirdness, then veers somewhere else. It's clunky and indie-size—yet far sturdier than its title suggests. **B** —LS

Human Nature

Fine Line, 96 minutes, R

IS THERE ANYTHING MORE coy—more quaintly civilized—than a movie that goes to high comedic lengths to insist on our "inner animal," complete with performers getting naked and acting like horny apes? **Human Nature**, the latest metaphorical head trip written by Charlie Kaufman (*Being John Malkovich*), features a trio of very modern and deluded beasts. Patricia Arquette is a woman afflicted with copious body hair; and Tim Robbins is a repressed behaviorist studying a blond Tarzan (Rhys Ifans) who gets schooled in the ways of polite society.

The experiment goes swimmingly until Robbins begins to feel the tug of his own—nudge, nudge!—primitive urges. *Human Nature* might have been left over from the anthro-chic '60s, except that the director, Michel Gondry, has staged it in the winky ironic style of a Wes Anderson wannabe. The movie is too cute to take itself too seriously, but it still feels like it was made by some very stoned college students. **C+** —OG

The Cat's Meow

Lions Gate, 112 minutes, PG-13

DECADES AFTER HE WAS PRESERVED in the black-and-white amber of *Citizen Kane*, William Randolph Hearst, that archetypal American mogul-monster, is getting a second life in pop culture. First, there was HBO's superb making-of-*Kane* docudrama, *RKO 281*. Now, in **The Cat's Meow**, director Peter Bogdanovich taps deep into the Hearst mystique, entertainingly reenacting a historic scandal that unfolded during a weekend cruise on Hearst's yacht in 1924.

Hearst (Edward Herrmann), spying on everyone through his ship-floor peepholes, plays host to Marion Davies (Kirsten Dunst), the movie-star mistress who obsessed him, and to Charlie Chaplin (Eddie Izzard), the man he suspects she's having an affair with; also on board are producers, flappers, and the young Louella Parsons (Jennifer Tilly). Bogdanovich's staging is lively in a superficial way, yet *The Cat's Meow* has a famous-names-on-parade facileness. Its most resonant surprise is the way that Bogdanovich, who arguably let his obsession with Cybill Shepherd become the ruin of his film career, identifies with Hearst, played by Edward Herrmann in a performance of complex bullying power. **B+** —OG



MEOW MIX Herrmann, Dunst, Izzard, and Joanna Lumley are see-worthy

Time Out

THINKFilm, 132 minutes, unrated

AS VINCENT, A MIDDLE-AGED businessman recently unemployed and going to increasingly desperate lengths to hide the fact from his family in the profound psychological drama **Time Out**, French stage actor Aurélien Recoing manages to convey pride and shame, love and despair, resignation and liberation—sometimes just in the way he drives in silence.

Filmmaker Laurent Cantet, whose masterful feature debut, *Human Resources*, was similarly inspired by the complex socioeconomic ties that bind in the workplace—as well as the oedipal knots connecting fathers and sons—piles the lies up slowly, with particular insight into the subtleties of manly self-reinvention: Vincent tells his wife (Karin Viard) he's taking a U.N. job in Geneva, tells his friends he can invest their money for quick profits, and tells such natural stories about meetings he hasn't attended and business meals he hasn't eaten that they begin to feel truer than the life he really does lead with his wife and children. There's piercing sadness, and fury, too, in this Everyman's isolation, and Cantet is singularly skilled at evoking the universal condition of such tragic ordinariness. **A** —LS

The Week

Reviews by OWEN GLEIBERMAN and LISA SCHWARZBAUM

» New Releases

THE KOMEDIANT ♦ (82 mins., *New Yorker, unrated*) The professional ups and downs of the theatrical Burstein clan—the late, Polish-born Pesach'ke; wife Lillian Lux; and their American-born twins, Mike and Susan—reflect the robust status of Yiddish theater in the early 20th century, and its post-Holocaust decline. But it's their familial ups and downs that shift this small, stubbornly poignant documentary (the title means actor in Yiddish) from the realm of special-interest audiences to the more universal theater of family psychodynamics. First Susan Burstein-Roth flees the stage life she hated as a child for marriage at a young age (paralleling her mother), finding comfort in kabbalah. Then her brother, now the established stage and TV performer Mike Burstyn (*Barnum*), leaves the act. Pain and loss crowd the corners of Arnon Goldfinger and Oshra Schwartz's portrait. But *The Komediant* also conveys the Bursteins' genetic predisposition for the dying traditions of the old family soft-shoe. **B+**—LS

LES DESTINÉES ♦ (173 mins., *Wellspring, unrated*) An epic drama that unfolds over the course of decades can duplicate the scope and the filigreed pleasure of a novel on

screen. When it doesn't work, a different sort of feeling sets in: The audience becomes aware that time isn't so much passing as piling up. That, unfortunately, is the case with Olivier Assayas' pictorial but oddly muffled three-hour saga of romance and capitalism, not necessarily in that order. Beginning in 1900, the film charts the tide of fortune as it preys upon an idealistic former minister (the rather obdurate lead actor Charles Berling) and his radiant, strong-willed wife (Emmanuelle Béart). The two are drawn from an idyllic domestic existence in Switzerland into running the family porcelain business, the survival of which, in a world of fraying artisan-ship, immerses them in a life of worldly ambition and compromise. At first, Assayas seems to be trying for a precocious modern period piece, but the movie turns out to be his homage to the Gallic "tradition of quality," in all its fusty squareness. **C**—OG

» In Theaters

BIG TROUBLE ♦ (85 mins., *PG-13*) Barry Sonnenfeld, a purveyor of cool Hollywood humor, directs a sprawling comedy based on warm Miami mayhem from syndicated columnist Dave Barry, and the results run hot and cold—a dollop of uplift about parents and teenage children scrambled into a nutty farce



DESTINÉES' CHILD An enterprising Béart gets down to business

involving wiseguy hitmen, dumb criminals, harried cops, ruthless FBI agents, and a hijacking. The gift-pack cast includes Tim Allen, Rene Russo, Stanley Tucci, Tom Sizemore, and Janeane Garofalo, all of whom have a great time being jerks in the Florida sun. **B** (#648, April 12)—LS

BLADE II ♦ (108 mins., *R*) At various points, Blade (Wesley Snipes)—half human, half vampire, and all sulky—wields a samurai sword, phosphorous bombs, and his own acrobatic, kicking-off-the-walls body. Director Guillermo del Toro lays on the operatic comic-strip gore. **B-** (#646, March 29)—OG

CLOCKSTOPPERS ♦ (94 mins., *PG*) With one flick of a wristwatch, everything in the world freezes, and

the teen heroes (Jesse Bradford and Paula Garcés) get zapped into "hypertime," where they can move about freely. The trouble is, they get zilch to do with their newfound power. **D-** (#647, April 5)—OG

DEATH TO SMOOCHY ♦ (108 mins., *R*) Set in the Barneyesque world of children's television, this comedy of backstabbing overkill tells a moldy-oldie, not-nearly-as-nasty-as-it-thinks-it-is joke. Even Robin Williams' meant-to-be-shocking rants come with quotation marks. **D+** (#647, April 5)—OG

HIGH CRIMES ♦ (115 mins., *PG-13*) Ashley Judd, the mistress of perky peril, plays a San Francisco attorney who learns that her husband (Jim Caviezel) is not what he seems. The



WINNER OF THE WEEK

Woody Allen

His *Hollywood Ending* will open next month's Cannes film festival, and the formerly reclusive director plans to attend the event for the first time.

DAWDLER OF THE WEEK

'Vanilla Sky'

It took more than 100 days, but Cameron Crowe's latest finally cracked the \$100 million mark.

movie shifts into military-courtroom mode when Judd teams up with a rumpled lawyer (Morgan Freeman) in need of redemption, and it then morphs, every 20 minutes or so, into a stranger-in-the-dark-house suspense thriller. *High Crimes* carries little organic intrigue as a government/Marine/legal mystery, yet the story "beats" are all in place. It's what connects them that's the problem. **C** (#648, April 12)—OG

ICE AGE ♦ (75 mins., *PG*) In this antic and sweet-spirited computer-animated feature, the landscapes are like winterized versions of the Road Runner's jungle-gym desert. The story itself is only good, not great, but John Leguizamo and Denis Leary sear it with their personalities. **B+** (#645, March 22)—OG

LUCKY BREAK ♦ (109 mins., *PG-13*) On the plus side of this negligible British comedy, about two small-stuff convicts who mastermind a jailhouse bust-out, nobody dances or shows his mealy British butt. On

the minus side, every porridge inmate in this forgettable romp warbles in the prison's amateur musical. **D+** (#648, April 12)—LS

NATIONAL LAMPOON'S VAN WILDER

♦ (95 mins., *R*) The title screwup is a Lacoste-wearing preppy who tools around Coolidge College in a custom golf cart and deflects everyone in his path with an attitude of debauched nonchalance that was funny when Chevy Chase first tried it on more than 20 years ago in *Caddyshack*. The only thing funny now is how harmless it all seems. Ryan Reynolds, with his air-popped suavity, suggests the son of John Lithgow pretending to be Rob Lowe portraying Ferris Bueller. **C** (#648, April 12)—OG

PANIC ROOM ♦ (108 mins., *R*) All too quickly, David Fincher's adrenalized, characteristically gruesome thriller, about a wealthy, divorced woman (Jodie Foster) and her daughter (Kristen Stewart) hiding out from a trio of trespassers in the secret lockdown room of their Manhattan town house, abandons the interesting premise of New York City urban threat for an average, violent cat-and-mouse game. Foster's character changes from intriguing, up-tight divorcee to generic gonna-make-it-after-all woman who can swing a mean mallet in self-defense. **C+** (#647, April 5)—LS

THE ROOKIE ♦ (129 mins., *G*) As a Texas high school teacher and baseball coach who lives out a childhood dream when he makes it into the major leagues, Dennis Quaid pitches with devotional but ungussed intensity. We know where the extra-inning-length film is going from the first shot of buttercup-sweet sunlight, but something especially clean shines in this American fairy tale. **B+** (#647, April 5)—LS

Y TU MAMÁ TAMBIÉN ♦ (105 mins., *unrated*) Alfonso Cuarón's sad, funny, sexy, altogether marvelous coming-of-age road movie sees Mexico through the eyes of two teenage best friends (Diego Luna and Gael García Bernal), bay-ing with unearned sexual bravado, and the alluring 28-year-old Spanish woman (Maribel Verdú) they convince to come away with them. **A** (#645, March 22)—LS

More reviews at www.ew.com
(AOL Keyword: EW)

BOX OFFICE

FOSTERING TWINS

JODIE FOSTER found another \$18 million under the floorboards of Columbia's *Panic Room*, only the third movie this year to hold the top spot twice in a row. Fox got a



'HIGH CRIMES'

satisfactory verdict on the Ashley Judd-Morgan Freeman thriller *High Crimes*, while the studio's *Ice Age* retained its momentum as 2002's biggest hit. *The Rookie* declined only 27 percent to land at No. 4, and *Blade II* held up well enough in its third frame to suck some life out of *National Lampoon's Van Wilder*. *Big Trouble* lived up to its title; *Y Tu Mamá También* and *Kissing Jessica Stein* cracked the top 20; and *Death to Smoochy* received last rites, earning just \$745 per screen.

TOP 20

		WEEKEND GROSS*	NO. OF SITES	WEEKEND PER-SITE AVERAGE	WEEKS IN RELEASE	GROSS TO DATE
1	PANIC ROOM Columbia	\$18.2	3,053	\$5,976	2	\$58.5
2	HIGH CRIMES 20th Century Fox	\$14.0	2,717	\$5,155	1	\$14.0
3	ICE AGE 20th Century Fox	\$13.6	3,200	\$4,239	4	\$140.7
4	THE ROOKIE Disney	\$11.7	2,524	\$4,637	2	\$34.9
5	BLADE II New Line	\$7.5	2,561	\$2,919	3	\$67.4
6	NATIONAL LAMPOON'S VAN WILDER Artisan	\$7.3	2,022	\$3,612	1	\$7.3
7	CLOCKSTOPPERS Paramount	\$7.3	2,563	\$2,842	2	\$22.4
8	E.T. THE EXTRA-TERRESTRIAL Universal	\$3.6	2,478	\$1,440	3	\$30.7
9	BIG TROUBLE Touchstone	\$3.5	1,961	\$1,808	1	\$3.5
10	A BEAUTIFUL MIND Universal	\$2.6	1,436	\$1,805	16	\$165.0
11	WE WERE SOLDIERS Paramount	\$2.5	1,740	\$1,458	6	\$71.7
12	THE LORD OF THE RINGS: THE FELLOWSHIP OF THE RING New Line	\$1.7	977	\$1,701	16	\$304.1
13	DEATH TO SMOOCHY Warner Bros.	\$1.6	2,164	\$745	2	\$7.3
14	RESIDENT EVIL Screen Gems	\$1.6	1,144	\$1,403	4	\$37.4
15	SHOWTIME Warner Bros.	\$1.5	1,423	\$1,083	4	\$36.3
16	MONSTER'S BALL Lions Gate	\$1.5	714	\$2,080	15	\$25.2
17	Y TU MAMA TAMBIEN IFC	\$1.2	180	\$6,581	4	\$3.0
18	THE TIME MACHINE DreamWorks	\$1.0	931	\$1,124	5	\$54.8
19	KISSING JESSICA STEIN Fox Searchlight	\$1.0	319	\$3,095	4	\$3.3
20	MONSOON WEDDING USA Films	\$0.7	150	\$4,734	7	\$5.3

SOURCE: ACNIELSEN EDI, INC. WEEKEND OF APRIL 5-7 *WEEKEND GROSS AND GROSS-TO-DATE FIGURES IN MILLIONS
†INCLUDES SOME MULTISCREEN THEATERS AND PRINTS SHIPPED AS WELL AS INDIVIDUAL SCREENS

TRACK RECORD: CAMERON DIAZ

		NO. OF SITES	OPENING WEEKEND	DOMESTIC GROSS
12/14/01	VANILLA SKY Paramount	2,742	\$26.0	\$100.1
5/16/01	SHREK DreamWorks	3,587	\$42.4	\$267.7
11/3/00	CHARLIE'S ANGELS Columbia	3,057	\$40.1	\$125.3
12/22/99	ANY GIVEN SUNDAY Warner Bros.	2,505	\$13.6	\$75.5
10/29/99	BEING JOHN MALKOVICH USA Films	25	\$0.8	\$22.9
11/25/98	VERY BAD THINGS Polygram	1,260	\$3.2	\$9.8
7/15/98	THERE'S SOMETHING ABOUT MARY 20th Century Fox	2,186	\$13.7	\$176.5
5/22/98	FEAR AND LOATHING IN LAS VEGAS Universal	1,126	\$3.3	\$10.7
10/24/97	A LIFE LESS ORDINARY 20th Century Fox	1,207	\$2.0	\$4.3
6/20/97	MY BEST FRIEND'S WEDDING TriStar	2,134	\$21.7	\$127.1

SOURCE: EXHIBITOR RELATIONS CO., INC.

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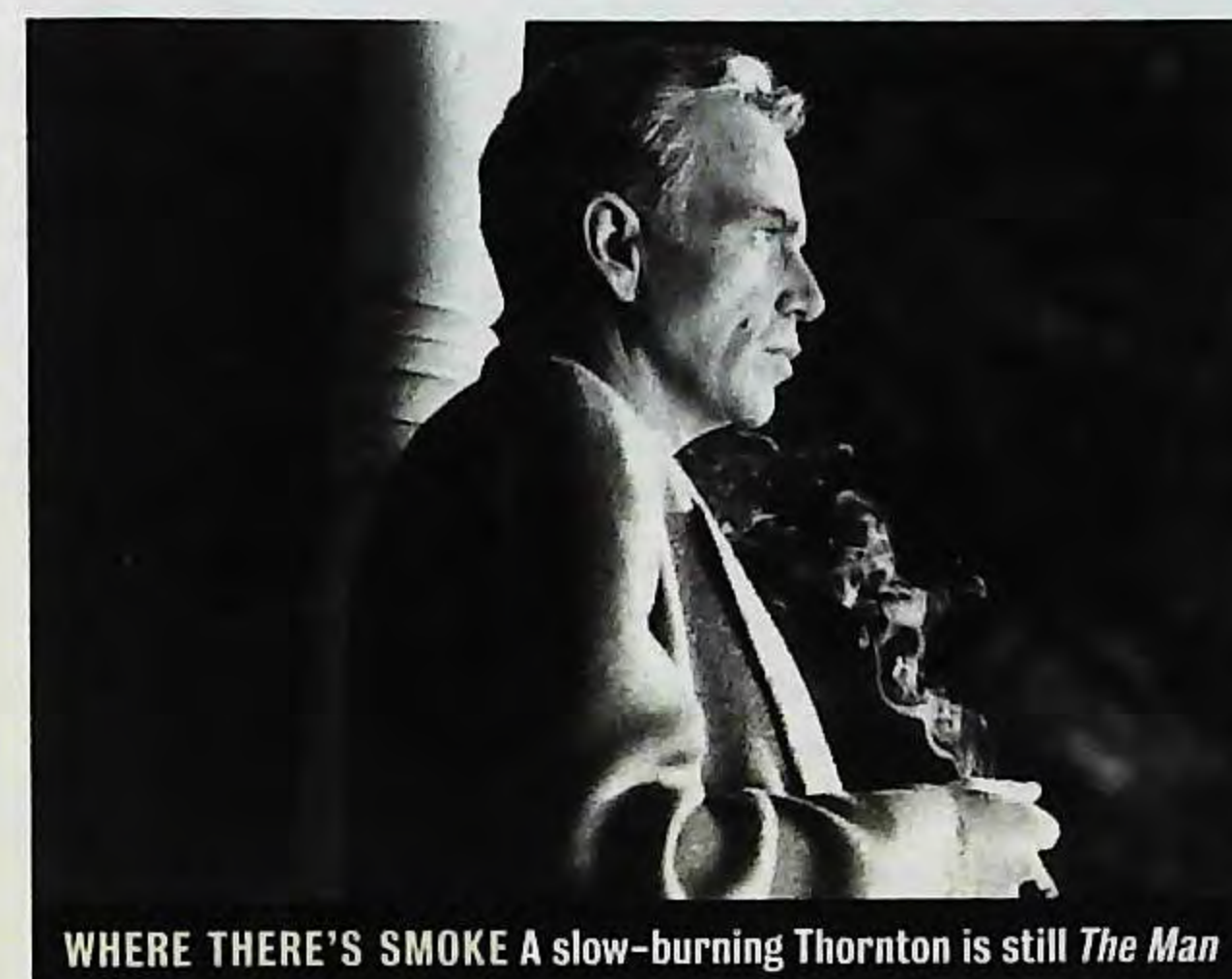
WhattoWatch

A comprehensive guide to what's new on tape and DVD—blockbusters, classic picks, genre flicks, and much more

NEW TO DVD

HIGHLANDER: THE IMMORTAL EDITION ♦ (1986, Anchor Bay, 116 mins., R, \$39.98) "There can be only one" seems a somewhat fraudulent catchphrase for a film that's seen at least five home-video incarnations. That there have been so many releases is a testament to the fervor of the cult devoted to Russell Mulcahy's time-tripping tale of immortal swordsmen (like Christopher Lambert and Sean Connery) battling for a mystical "prize." But is this "Immortal Edition" worth buying if you've already got the 1996 "10th Anniversary Director's Cut"? Not if you're looking for new supplements. This new release has the same commentary track (by Mulcahy and producers Peter Davis and William Panzer) and the same reincorporated footage as the earlier DVD. The wide-screen image has been remastered—and thankfully: The "Director's Cut" had one of the worst transfers ever. But, unless you're a major Queen fan—the band did a handful of songs for the film, and those videos, as well as a companion CD, are included—there's no real reason to buy this and encourage someone to release yet another version. **B-** —Marc Bernardin

SAME GUYS, NEW DRESSES (2000, VSC, 86 mins., unrated, \$19.95) "This is my favorite *Kids in the Hall* sketch: the I-don't-wanna-take-a-bus sketch.... It's like five Canadian guys on tour. They're playing five Canadian guys who can't decide if they wanna take a bus or not. It's one of the classics.... And you'll see, one of 'em's gay!" Even though they were clearly mocking from a place of love on their guest commentary, *South Park*'s Trey Parker and Matt Stone pretty much nail the particular lack of excitement to be found on this documentary, which followed the sketch comedy troupe—Dave Foley, Bruce McCulloch, Mark McKinney, Kevin McDonald, and Scott Thompson—on its 2000 live tour. The film (directed by Foley) plays like a crossbreeding of *Monty Python Live at the Hollywood Bowl* and *This Is Spinal Tap*, but only if funny skips a generation. The only laughs to be found are on the guest commentaries, recorded by *Kids*' playmates Parker and Stone, Mike Myers, Andy Richter, and Jason Priestley—who is presented as a fellow Canadian documentarian(!). To quote Homer Simpson: It's funny because it's true. **C-** —MB



WHERE THERE'S SMOKE A slow-burning Thornton is still *The Man*

Sharp Shooters

The Man Who Wasn't There casts film noir in an alluring new light. **by Bruce Fretts**

HIP AND MODERNIST as they are, the Coen brothers have always seemed like a throw-back to an earlier Hollywood era. More than half their films—including last year's *O Brother, Where Art Thou?*—have been 20th-century period pieces, and film noir has been an influence on their work ever since their dazzling 1984 debut, *Blood Simple*. As fate would have it, their most noir-influenced period piece yet, *The Man Who Wasn't There*, is also one of their best films.

Billy Bob Thornton brings a Robert Mitchum-esque cool to the role of Ed Crane, a post-WWII California barber who gets mixed up with blackmail and murder, thanks to his

floozy wife (Frances McDormand). Thornton's expert underplaying provides perfect counterpoint to the over-the-top performances of Coen cronies Jon Polito and the should-have-been-nominated Tony Shalhoub. (At least Roger Deakins' magnificent black-and-white cinematography received Academy attention.) In the end, *The Man Who Wasn't There* isn't about anything; it's an art-for-art-houses'-sake flick. But when the artists involved are this talented, who's complaining? **A-**

WHAT WE SAID THEN: "...succulently retro, vintage-Hollywood-goes-bizarro film noir." **B+** (#624, Nov. 9, 2001) —Owen Gleiberman

The Man Who Wasn't There
2001
USA
116 MINUTES
RATED R
ALSO ON DVD



'HIGHLANDER'

GUILTY PLEASURE OF THE WEEK

IT TAKES THE VILLAGE

CAN'T STOP THE MUSIC (1980, Anchor Bay, 123 mins., PG, \$19.98, also on DVD) Camp classics cannot be judged by the same criteria as "normal" cinema. While the success of most movies is based on inspiring a suspension of disbelief, great works of the camp genre succeed in their suspension of other qualities: namely, competence and good taste. Perhaps no film of the field shines brighter than the Village People's *Can't Stop the Music*, which strives for ridiculousness at every turn. What other film begins with over six minutes of Steve Guttenberg on roller skates? Where else can you see a male Olympic gold medalist (Bruce Jenner) in Daisy Dukes and a skintight cutoff tee? And you'd be hard-pressed to find another feature directed by the Bounty towel "quicker picker-upper" lady (Nancy Walker). Sure, it's odd that in a movie about the creation of the Village People, we don't even meet two of the members (Leatherman and G.I.) until over an hour in. And yes, Jenner does some of the worst athlete overacting on record, but he also gets



'CAN'T STOP THE MUSIC'

mugged by a granny and has lasagna thrown on his crotch, so whaddya want? (Did we mention the Daisy Dukes?) Throw in a half-naked Oscar nominee (Valerie Perrine) and a why-wasn't-it-a-hit song (the "Milk Shake," whose lyrics are merely instructions for enjoying a killer ice-cream-based beverage) and you have all the bases covered. Young man, there's no need to feel down, because this video gets a YMCA —Dalton Ross

ANIME

OSAMU TEZUKA'S METROPOLIS ♦ **Voices by Yuka Imoto, Taro Ishida** (2002, Columbia TriStar, 109 mins., PG-13, dubbed or subtitled, also on DVD) An idealistic animated cousin to the Spielberg-Kubrick love child *A.I.*, *Metropolis* tells of a futuristic Japanese city divided between the haves and the have-nots; in this case, the haves are human, and the nots are robots who are mounting a World War II-style resistance

movement. Just as in *A.I.*, there are CGI-enhanced scenes of staggering beauty punctuated by stretches of ponderous preachiness (thanks to a screenplay by Akira visionary Katsuhiro Otomo). *Metropolis* is a beautiful film, one that never would've been made here in the U.S., what with our insistence on little things like plot and characterization in our animation. Doesn't make a lick of sense, but it's beautiful nonetheless. **B** —MB

DRAMA

TAPE ♦ **Ethan Hawke, Uma Thurman** (2001, Lions Gate, 83 mins., R, also on DVD) They may be the best years of your life, but high school can leave scars that last a lifetime. In



'TAPE'

Richard Linklater's taut psychological drama, three old classmates reunite 10 years later to pick at the scabs. Drug-dealing slacker Vincent (Hawke) has come to confront John (Robert Sean Leonard), now a fledgling filmmaker, over Amy (Thurman), a mutual ex. The players scurry around a hotel room for the entire film (an adaptation of Steven Belber's one-set play), propelled by dynamic digital video cinematography and a series of confrontations that leaves them raw, exposed, and, maybe, healed. **A-** —Evan Serpick

THRILLER

THE DEEP END ♦ **Tilda Swinton, Goran Visnjic** (2001, Fox, 101 mins., R, also on DVD) Most of the buzz around writer-directors Scott McGehee and David Siegel's suspense film centered on Swinton's superb performance as an overprotective



'THE DEEP END'

tive mother who'll do anything to help her teenage son (Jonathan Tucker). Indeed, it's probably the best performance of 2001 that *wasn't* nominated for an Oscar. But the film has other selling points: a plot that veers off in unexpected directions, a smoldering turn by *ER*'s Visnjic as a sympathetic blackmailer, strikingly watery cinematography by Giles Nuttgens, gorgeous Lake Tahoe settings, and a climax highlighted by a memorable close-up. What *The Deep End* lacks in big jolts, it makes up for with plenty of little surprises. **A-** —William Stevenson

WESTERN

TEXAS RANGERS ♦ **James Van Der Beek, Ashton Kutcher** (2001, Dimension, 92 mins., PG-13, also on DVD) Or: *Dude, Where's My Horse?* Dawson's Creek's Van Der Beek and *That '70s Show*'s Kutcher are hilariously miscast as young guns who join with the legendary law enforcers to round up cattle-rustling varmints in 1875.

With *The Practice*'s Dylan McDermott and R&B idol Usher Raymond along for the bumpily edited ride, there isn't a lone movie star or a believable Texas accent in the whole mild bunch. After gathering theatrical dust on Miramax's shelves for two years, *Rangers* is now destined to gather more dust on video-store shelves. **D** —BF

REDUNDANT DVD ANNOUNCEMENT OF THE WEEK

'Men in Black: Deluxe Edition'

The only substantial differences between this disc—on sale May 21—and the two previous DVDs of the Will Smith sci-fi comedy are a couple of *MIB2* sneak peeks and some alternate scenes. Yes, they are after every last cent.

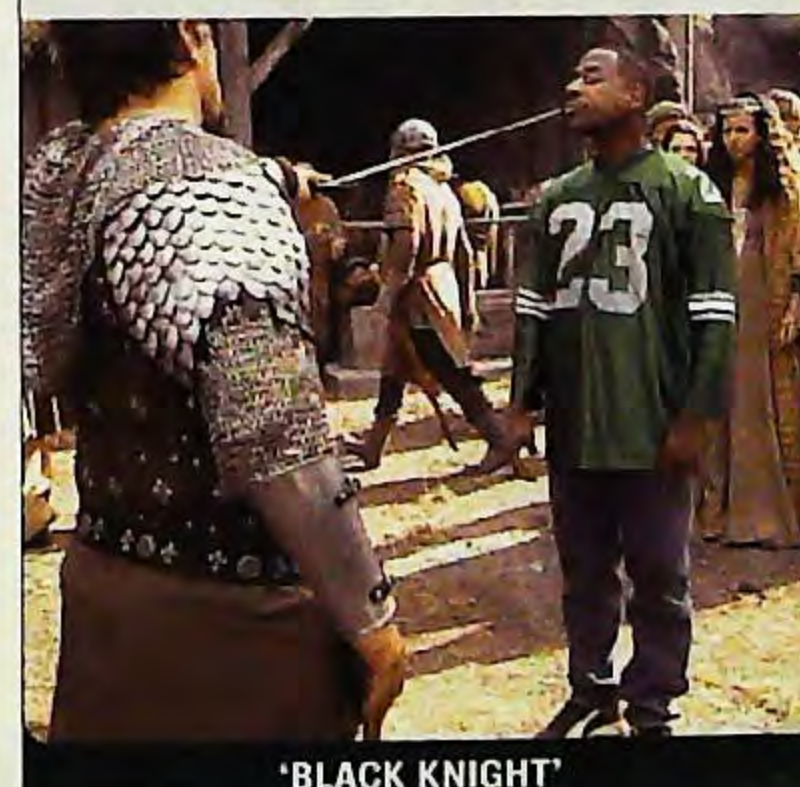


COMEDY

BLACK KNIGHT ♦ **Martin Lawrence, Tom Wilkinson** (2001, Fox, 95 mins., PG-13, also on DVD) Slide *Knight* into your VCR or DVD player only if you're feeling drowsy. Lawrence, playing modern man gone medieval, will be just the boring, warm milk to put you to sleep. The unchivalrous Lawrence accidentally jumps to the 14th century and ends up battling an evil king, wooing a lovely chambermaid, and saving England. The plot turns shouldn't surprise anyone who's ever seen

a movie before. If you must, see *Knight* to chuckle at Wilkinson, whose presence here is a reminder of some of the questionable parts he accepted before his Oscar-nominated *In the Bedroom* role. **C-** —Kelly Choi

MAYBE BABY ♦ **Joely Richardson, Hugh Laurie** (2001, USA, 104 mins., R, also on DVD) A fertility comedy aimed squarely at the chardonnay set, *Maybe* offers up a witty, good-looking British couple whose marriage is threatened by their inability to conceive. At times loonily irreverent (Rowan Atkinson has a hilarious bit as an overenthusiastic gyno), the film, which devolves into one of those movies in which a character writes a screenplay *exactly like the movie you're watching*, is hampered by too much navel-gazing (with or without baby on board). **B** —Alice King



'BLACK KNIGHT'

DOCUMENTARY

PARAGRAPH 175 ♦ (2000, New Yorker, 81 mins., unrated, also on DVD) "I am ashamed for humanity," says one of the few remaining survivors of the thousands of homosexual men who were imprisoned, tortured, and, if Jewish, killed in Hitler's concentration camps. In recounting their stories, documentarians Rob Epstein and Jeffrey Friedman (*The Celluloid Closet*) have interwoven grimly evocative images of Nazi rallies, death-camp interiors, and

bombed-out Berlin ruins. But the film's real power comes from the horrifying memories of five old men who, even now, cannot fully articulate their rage, sorrow, and pain. **A** —Michael Sauter



'PARAGRAPH 175'

THE CHARTS

THE RETURN OF BRUNO

THAT'S RIGHT, KIDS. IT'S been less than a year since infrequent songbird Bruce Willis topped the chart with *Unbreakable*, but the bank robbers and bigwigs of his romantic comedy *Bandits* (starring Willis, Billy Bob Thornton, and Cate Blanchett) still had renters bum-rushing their video outposts. However, not to be completely outdone, Shannon Elizabeth, Tony Shalhoub, and slumming Oscar winner F. Murray Abraham come frightfully close to stealing victory with the blood-and-gore-fest *Thirteen Ghosts*; last fall's theatrical surprise shrieked its way to No. 3.



'BANDITS'

TAPE RENTALS

LAST WEEK		GROSS TO DATE	WEEKS ON CHART	EW VIDEO GRADE
1	1 TRAINING DAY Denzel Washington	\$76.3	3	B-
2	— BANDITS Bruce Willis	\$41.6	1	C+
3	— THIRTEEN GHOSTS Tony Shalhoub	\$41.9	1	B-
4	2 K-PAX Kevin Spacey	\$50.3	2	C
5	3 RIDING IN CARS WITH BOYS Drew Barrymore	\$30.2	3	C+
6	4 DON'T SAY A WORD Michael Douglas	\$55.0	7	C
7	5 JOY RIDE Paul Walker	\$22.0	4	B
8	6 ZOOLANDER Ben Stiller	\$45.2	4	C-
9	9 ORIGINAL SIN Angelina Jolie	\$16.5	2	C-
10	8 A.I. ARTIFICIAL INTELLIGENCE Haley Joel Osment	\$78.6	5	B+
11	10 THE LAST CASTLE Robert Redford	\$18.2	5	C-
12	7 HEIST Gene Hackman	\$23.5	4	B+
13	11 HARDBALL Keanu Reeves	\$40.2	7	B-
14	17 LIFE AS A HOUSE Kevin Kline	\$15.7	2	C+
15	13 RAT RACE John Cleese	\$56.6	10	B
16	12 THE ONE Jet Li	\$43.9	5	B-
17	15 THE MUSKETEER Justin Chambers	\$27.1	6	D
18	14 O MEKHI Phifer	\$16.0	7	C
19	16 JAY AND SILENT BOB STRIKE BACK Jason Mewes	\$30.1	6	B+
20	19 THE GLASS HOUSE Leelee Sobieski	\$18.1	14	C

SOURCE: VIDEO BUSINESS VOTRAC FOR THE WEEK ENDING APRIL 7, 2002. BOX OFFICE GROSS-TO-DATE FIGURES IN MILLIONS. SOURCE: ADWILSON EDI. INC. AND EXHIBITOR RELATIONS CO. INC.

EW RECOMMENDS

MULHOLLAND DRIVE Naomi Watts (*Universal, R*) David Lynch's chilling inside-out yarn unravels to expose two vulnerable women at its core. **A-**

NO MAN'S LAND Branco Djuric (*MGM, R*) This year's foreign language Oscar winner dives into the trenches of war and satire. **A**

SHIRI Han Suk-Gyu (*Columbia TriStar, R*) Dueling guns, political cynicism, and a flair for explosives make for a superheated Korean thriller. **A-**

COMING UP

BEHIND ENEMY LINES (Fox, PG-13) Owen Wilson is a soldier in a big ol' Serbian mess, and it's up to war vet Gene Hackman to bail him out.

FATAL ATTRACTION: SPECIAL COLLECTOR'S EDITION (Paramount, R, DVD) Fifteen years later, it's still one of the best date movies ever and a welcome DVD addition.

THE JUNIPER TREE (Rhino, unrated) In her 1990 feature film debut, Björk is a weird girl who sings out loud and talks to herself. And this is fiction?

MY FIRST MISTER (Paramount, R) Store owner Albert Brooks and Goth girl Leelee Sobieski look beyond age and culture just long enough to insult each other.

NOVOCAINE (Artisan, R) Steve Martin plays a dentist who gets entangled in a web of passion, crime, and prescription painkillers.



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A WORD TO THE WIVES
From left, Hemingway,
Chiles, and Deborah Jolly

Aural Hygiene

No one escapes mockery in *Warning: Parental Advisory*, the VH1 telepic about the scuffle over dirty rock lyrics. by Ken Tucker

I'D SAY THAT THE MOST striking thing about VH1's new TV movie **Warning: Parental Advisory** is that it gives such disparate performers as Mariel Hemingway, Griffin Dunne, and Twisted Sister frontman Dee Snider the best roles of their careers. But maybe *striking* ain't the word: Hemingway (deployed over the years for her blank beauty) has kept a pretty low profile recently, and Dunne (underrated, sly) has always acted as if his career were a throwaway gesture anyway. And having Dee Snider play Dee Snider in a telefilm about the mid-1980s controversy over record warning labels seems less like an example of clever casting than a suspicion

that there was a gaping hole in Snider's 2002 touring schedule. So instead, I'll say the most striking thing about *Warning* is how it manages to be cavalier and shrewd about the cynicism involved in both sides of a controversy that stirred sincere passion nearly two decades ago. Are you old enough to remember the PMRC—the Parents' Music Resource Center, formed by leader Tipper Gore (Hemingway plays her) and some women who were usually referred to as "Washington wives," such as Susan Baker (married to then secretary of the treasury James A. Baker and played here by Lois Chiles)? The movie re-

tells the legend of how Gore, whose husband, Al, was then a senator, heard a song by The Artist Then Mercifully Known Simply as Prince (the tune was "Darling Nikki") and was appalled that her young children were exposed to lyrics referring playfully to masturbation. Investigating the rock & roll cesspool, Gore discovered that there were innumerable naughty or downright obscene things being said beneath the roar of electric guitars. She and her allies—presented here as a ditzy kaffeeklatsch given to complimenting each other on their gloves before choking on petits fours upon hearing heavy

metal nobodies like W.A.S.P. and the Mentors—resolved to do something official about it.

If the Washington wives are presented in *Warning* as laughable prisses, the government they appeal to is depicted as a corrupt joke. A fictional music-industry lobbyist played with energetic cockiness by Jason Priestley is on the verge of passing a tax on blank recording tapes, which would result in millions of dollars for the big record companies. To Priestley's Charlie Burner, the PMRC is a headache—he wants to slide his bill into law, and the PMRC's crusade against so-called porn rock may call unwanted attention to his controversial tax. He tries to control the Senate hearing that the PMRC provokes by cozying up to the rock musicians scheduled to testify, including Dunne's Frank Zappa (the late Mother of Invention is depicted as a dyspeptic egomaniac), John Denver (the late singer is played by Tim Guinee as a smiley-face folkie who resents his high-on-life anthem "Rocky

**Warning:
Parental
Advisory**

9-11 PM
SUNDAY, APRIL 21
VH1

Mountain High" being targeted years earlier), and Snider, who—well, who plays himself: an affably profane showboater who lucked into having his band's goofy video for "We're Not Gonna Take It" become an MTV mainstay.

In other words, no person or institution comes off well in *Warning*, which in TV terms lends the enterprise integrity. Written by Jay Martel (Comedy Central's *Strangers With Candy*) and directed by Mark Waters (*The House of Yes*), the film tries to be archly satiric in the manner of Michael Ritchie's superlative 1993 TV movie *The Positively True Adventures of the Alleged*



SOUND MIND Music lobbyist Priestley

Texas Cheerleader-Murdering Mom, but it contains too many easy jokes. Even if it really occurred, the scene in which the wives try to come up with a name and realize that the acronym for one suggestion, Par-

ents' Music Symposium, would be PMS, is a groaner. Elsewhere, Al (played by an appropriately stiff Jim Beatty) rebuffs Tipper in bed, saying he's too tired. Later on, immersed in PMRC research, Tipper says no to Al: The sexual tables are turned, get it—get it? *Warning* is always poking you in the ribs like this. At a time when former PMRC target Ozzy Osbourne is presiding over the most admirable depiction of family life on reality TV, *Warning: Parental Advisory* can seem irrelevant.

But even irrelevancy has its own reward. In this case, stay tuned for the closing credits.

During them, the actors break character and sing along to "We're Not Gonna Take It." Hemingway, still in a tight Tipper skirt, gyrates in her stockinged feet atop a conference table. She's sexier—more alive on screen—than she's ever been, even when she played Playboy Playmate Dorothy Stratten in Bob Fosse's '83 film *Star 80*. As critic Greil Marcus wrote about the PMRC at the time, "restrictions and limits...can lead the music to reinvent itself, to discover secret languages." At the end of *Warning*, Hemingway hears the secret language of Twisted Sister, and reinvents herself—for a few seconds, she doesn't take it anymore. **B**

EW Rocks Twisted Sister Frontman (and PMRC Target) Dee Snider With Stupid Questions

TENACIOUS DEE

SHOCK ROCKER DEE SNIDER played to packed houses in the 1980s as the lead singer of Twisted Sister. But his most memorable performance took place in front of a much different audience: the U.S. Senate. Snider's appearance before a committee hearing on "porn rock" is revisited in VH1's *Warning: Parental Advisory*. With Snider playing himself in the cable pic, we compiled our heaviest list of stupid questions yet, and yes, he's gonna take it. —Dalton Ross

- So, rumor has it you wanna rock. Why is that, exactly? It beats working.
- You were famous for your outlandish music videos, but was the purpose of these clips (a) to showcase your vast musical talent, or (b) just an excuse to beat up Neidermeyer from *Animal House*? Definitely B. My brother and I were huge *Animal House* fans.
- Tell me, how does one become an official "Sick Motherf---in' Friend of Twisted Sister"? Is there some sort of initiation ritual? Actually, I dub peo-



- ple an S.M.F. Do you wanna be dubbed?
- Do I? Okay, you are dubbed an S.M.F. Remember, once an S.M.F., always an S.M.F.
- That's it? You mean I don't need to burn a goat or cut my pinkie off or anything? No, nothing like that. If you wanted to be called a sick motherf---er, you were one.

- Excellent! Now as for the new movie, I assume there was a lot of competition for the part of Mr. Dee Snider. Who did you have to beat out for the role? Jeff Goldblum, Weird Al Yankovic, and the late Chris Farley, who apparently was out of the running because he's dead.

The truth of the matter is, I think they were like, "Who the f--- is gonna play this guy? We gotta get him!"

- I hear the Gores are big movie buffs. Did you ever invite them over for a screening of your family-friendly psycho epic *Strangeland*? No, but I would have loved to. If they thought they hated me in the '80s, they'd loathe me now.

- EW's own Dan Snierson claims he once saw you berate a fan. Would you like his address so you can go kick some scrawny journalist ass? Oh, that was a regular thing. In the bar days I was off the stage every night beating up people in the audience. So, no, I don't need his address.

- Well, if I give it to you, will you go kick his ass anyway? [Long pause] Yeah, sure.



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On the Air

The latest news from the TV beat BY LYNETTE RICE

Man Power

ABC may be entering new territory with its matchmaking reality show *The Bachelor*, but it's old ground for the show's exec producer, Mike Fleiss. The man behind ABC's most-watched midseason series to date (it's averaging 10 million viewers and continues to build weekly on its 18-49 performance) also gave Fox the PR nightmare known as *Who Wants to Marry a Multi-Millionaire?* After America learned that the not-so-rich "millionaire" in question, Rick Rockwell, was once accused of abusing a girlfriend (which Rockwell denied), did Fleiss really expect to play cu-

pid in this town again? "I got so many calls from network presidents saying how much they loved *Multi-Millionaire*, I wasn't worried," he says. In



SPOUSE PARTY *The Bachelor's* Michel sizes up his marital options

fact, Fleiss says two other nets were hot for *The Bachelor* before ABC snapped up the six-episode series, in which 25 gals vie for the chance to marry 31-year-old Alex Michel, a San Francisco management consultant. Thousands of women have already applied for *Bachelor 2* (for now, ABC's given Fleiss the green light only to begin casting). In light of what happened on *Multi-Millionaire*,

Fleiss did a lot more background checking this time around—not that he thinks viewers would particularly care about the Bachelor's past. "When they found some little dings in the backgrounds of the [Multi-Millionaire] people, nobody dealt with it before and it was blown out of proportion," says Fleiss. "Every show had problems. *Survivor* had the Richard Hatch stuff, there was the *Big Brother* guy with the knife. That *Temptation Island* couple had a baby. Everybody got over that stuff." Everybody except Darva Conger, maybe.

'Files' Duty

Let us review the typical duties of a trainee: faxing, photocopying, fetching. But Jared Poe—a 22-year-old UCLA grad paying his dues in the writers' offices of *The X-Files*—added one other task to his list: kickin' it on screen with Scully (Gillian An-

derson) and Doggett (Robert Patrick). Owing no professional acting credits, Poe boldly asked *Files* exec producer Frank Spotnitz if he could audition for a meaty guest spot in



ANDERSON

the May 5 episode as a mysteriously brilliant FBI cadet with unusual insight into the unsolved murder of Doggett's son. "I honestly didn't expect for a second that Jared was going to get the part," says Spotnitz, "because it's a huge part and I'd never even seen him act." Lo and behold, Poe went through the casting process and beat out about 30 others. "He was the best," adds Spotnitz. "He won it fair and square. I mean, he was as surprised as we were that he got the part." While he's grateful for this big break, Poe says he's also focusing on becoming a writer-director. "Hopefully something will open up," he notes. "And if not, I could always just go back to filing." —Dan Snierson

More reviews at www.ew.com
(AOL Keyword: EW)



WINNER OF THE WEEK

David Caruso

The ex-NYPD *Blue* hot-head will return to the scene of the crime, costarring with *The West Wing's* Emily Procter in CBS' spin-off pilot *CSI: Miami*.

LOSER OF THE WEEK

'The Court'

Turns out viewers really didn't like Sally Field's legal drama: ABC gave it an early release from the prime-time schedule after only three episodes.

THE RATINGS

SWEET AND 'LOPEZ'

BY GEORGE, ABC HAS almost got it. Latin-flavored midseason sitcom *George Lopez* (44th) just might work as a lead-out for ABC's only (and lonely) comedy hit, *My Wife and Kids* (34th). Nearly 90 percent of those who watched *My Wife* stayed tuned for the second episode of *George*, making it the most watched of the new Wednesday-night



Y TU MAMÁ TAMBIÉN Belita Moreno and TV offspring Lopez

laffers. On a more melodramatic note, there was ratings room enough for two Sunday-night specials—CBS' concert *Celine Dion: A New Day Has Come* (17th) and the rebroadcast of *50 Years of NBC Late Night* (15th)—both of which won their time slots. In the losers' circle, CBS' *The Agency* (42nd) and Fox's *That '80s Show* (78th) both sank a few spots, while quality departers—*Felicity* (101st), *Once and Again* (58th), and *The X-Files* (47th)—experienced mild, bittersweet ratings surges.

TOP 30

VIEWERS*		LAST WEEK
1	28.5 ER NBC, Thursday, 10 p.m.	2
2	26.8 CSI CBS, Thursday, 9 p.m.	1
3	23.7 BASKETBALL: INDIANA VS. MARYLAND CBS, Monday, 9:13 p.m.	—
4	22.6 FRIENDS NBC, Thursday, 8 p.m.	3
5	22.2 SURVIVOR: MARQUESAS CBS, Thursday, 8 p.m.	5
6	18.9 LAW & ORDER NBC, Wednesday, 10 p.m.	6
7	17.3 THE WEST WING NBC, Wednesday, 9 p.m.	9
8	16.6 LAW & ORDER: SPECIAL VICTIMS UNIT NBC, Friday, 10 p.m.	15
9	16.1 WILL & GRACE NBC, Thursday, 9 p.m.	12
10	15.4 60 MINUTES CBS, Sunday, 7 p.m.	26
11	15.1 EVERYBODY LOVES RAYMOND (R) CBS, Monday, 8 p.m.	—
12	14.7 JUST SHOOT ME NBC, Thursday, 9:30 p.m.	19
13	14.6 LEAP OF FAITH NBC, Thursday, 8:31 p.m.	14
14	14.2 FRASIER NBC, Tuesday, 8:39 p.m.	25
15	14.1 50 YEARS OF NBC LATE NIGHT (R) NBC, Sunday, 9 p.m.	—
16	13.7 JUDGING AMY CBS, Tuesday, 10 p.m.	13
17	13.6 CELINE DION: A NEW DAY HAS COME CBS, Sunday, 8 p.m.	—
18	12.9 THE PRACTICE ABC, Sunday, 10 p.m.	—
19	12.9 BABY BOB CBS, Monday, 8:30 p.m.	16
20	12.9 MOVIE: THE DEEP END OF THE OCEAN CBS, Sunday, 9 p.m.	—
21	12.7 THIRD WATCH NBC, Monday, 9 p.m.	—
22	12.5 THE SIMPSONS Fox, Sunday, 8 p.m.	28
23	12.5 DATELINE NBC NBC, Friday, 9 p.m.	22
24	12.4 MALCOLM IN THE MIDDLE Fox, Sunday, 8:30 p.m.	—
25	12.1 JAG (R) CBS, Tuesday, 8 p.m.	10
26	11.3 PROVIDENCE NBC, Friday, 8 p.m.	31
27	11.2 60 MINUTES II CBS, Wednesday, 8 p.m.	30
28	11.0 CROSSING JORDAN (R) NBC, Monday, 10 p.m.	46
29	10.8 DATELINE NBC NBC, Tuesday, 10 p.m.	35
30	10.6 AMERICA'S FUNNIEST HOME VIDEOS ABC, Friday, 8 p.m.	55

*IN MILLIONS WEEK OF APRIL 1-7, 2002
SOURCE: NIELSEN MEDIA RESEARCH

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SOUND BITES

"There was a recent poll about the behavior in this country, and it's stunning: Seventy-nine percent said they felt Americans were extremely rude. The other 21 percent told the poll taker to take the clipboard and shove it up his ass." DAVID LETTERMAN on *Late Show*

"Since I did the voice of the mammoth in *Ice Age*, I get weird requests from kids, like 'Can I ride you?'" RAY ROMANO on *Entertainment Tonight*

"Dan Rather has been broadcasting the evening news from Jerusalem and yesterday had a close call when a car bomb exploded nearby. A Palestinian spokesperson said, 'We are really sorry. We thought it was Geraldo.'" CONAN O'BRIEN on *Late Night*

"Whether you suffer from glaucoma or just rented *The Matrix*, medical marijuana can make things fabulous!" HOMER SIMPSON, about his prescription, on *The Simpsons*

COULD EVERY HUMAN
BE GENETICALLY RELATED TO
ONE WOMAN
WHO LIVED 150,000
YEARS AGO?

THE REAL EVE



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What did the "Real Eve" look like? See what scientists think at discovery.com

WhatttoWatch

A day-to-day guide to notable programs. Times are Eastern daylight and are subject to change. BY DALTON ROSS

MONDAY

April 15

7-8PM

BROKEN SILENCE (Cine-
max, TV-PG) Steven
Spielberg presents five
foreign-language docus
about the Holocaust on
five straight evenings,
starting with tonight's
Eyes of the Holocaust.

SERIES DEBUT

8-8:30PM

DINNER FOR FIVE (IFC,
TV-PG) It's basically Jon

Favreau eating dinner
with four different celebs
each week. Tonight, Peter
Falk, Vince Vaughn, Cherl
Oteri, and Garry Shan-
dling stuff their faces.

8-10PM

ALLY McBEAL (Fox, TV-14-
DL) Star power, baby! Star
power! That's what *Ally's*
banking on—yet again—
when it trots out Matthew
Perry and Christina Ricci.

SERIES FINALE

10-11PM

ONCE AND AGAIN (ABC,
TV-PG) On TV, as in life, all
good things must come
to an end.

10-11PM

FAMILY LAW (CBS, TV-PG)
Someone find Meshach
Taylor, because there's a
Designing Women reunion
in the works when Delta
Burke guest-stars.

10-10:30PM

WHAMMY! THE ALL NEW PRESS YOUR LUCK (Game
Show Network, TV-G) Why mess with perfection?
The 1983-86 CBS game show *Press Your Luck* was the
Camembert of TV cheese, best remembered for the
catchphrase "Big bucks...no Whammies...stop!" But
this "all-new" version witlessly updates the epony-
mous cartoon bugaboo who'll swipe your prizes if
you land on his space (now he snowboards instead
of moonwalking). And sorry, emcee Todd Newton
(right), you're no Peter Tomarken. C —Bruce Fretts



SERIES DEBUT

TUESDAY

April 16

9-10PM

24 (Fox, TV-14-V) Dennis
Hopper and Lou Diamond
Phillips guest-star. To-
gether, they ask Kiefer
Sutherland, "Hey, re-
member when we all
used to be in movies?"

9-10PM

SMALLVILLE (The WB, TV-
14-V) The Kents meet a boy
with the ability to read

minds. I wonder if Mr.
Smarty-Pants knows what
I'm thinking. Actually, I try
not to think much at all.

10-11PM

THE SHIELD (FX, TV-MA-
DLV) No, you weren't mis-
taken—that was that
dude from *The Shield*
(Walton Goggins) winning
an Oscar for *The Accoun-*
tant. Homeboy's on a roll.

10-11PM

TOKYO GIRLS (Travel
Channel, TV-PG) A look at
Western women who get
paid to hang out with men
in Tokyo, and by *hang out*,
of course, we mean have
enormous amounts of sex.

10PM-12:10AM

SEVEN (STARZ, TV-R)
Gwyneth Paltrow loses
her head.

9-11PM

THE ESPN ACTION SPORTS & MUSIC AWARDS (ESPN)
We like "extreme" sports in which people contort
their bodies into all sorts of ridiculous shapes, so
we're all for host Jay Mohr (left) honoring the folks
who compete in them. We also recognize music
plays a big part in many of these events. Still, isn't
having separate categories for Surfing, Skateboard-
ing, BMX, Snowboarding, Skiing, and Motocross Mu-
sic Artist of the Year a wee bit redundant? I guess
they all must listen to *different* Bad Religion records.



MOHR AWARDS

The Guest List



ETHAN HAWKE

Look Who's On The
Couch This Week
(SUBJECT TO CHANGE)

DAVID LETTERMAN Monday Regis Philbin, Andie
MacDowell (R) Tuesday Cher (R) Wednesday
Halle Berry (R) Thursday Martin Short, animal
expert Jack Hanna (R) Friday Rene Russo (R)

JAY LENO Monday Ethan Hawke, Emeril La-
gasse Tuesday The Rock Wednesday Michael
Clarke Duncan, Dame Edna, musical guests
Nick Cave and the Bad Seeds Thursday Richard
Gere Friday Musical guests Hoobastank

CONAN O'BRIEN Monday Ray Liotta, Amy Poehler
(R) Tuesday Mira Sorvino Wednesday Ethan
Hawke, Dave Chappelle, Anthony Bourdain
Thursday Tim Robbins Friday The Rock, Stone
Phillips, musical guests No Doubt

CARSON DALY Monday Art Alexakis Tuesday
Christina Applegate, Fabolous Wednesday Sheryl
Crow Thursday Angie Stone, Bill O'Reilly

THE VIEW Tuesday Ben Kingsley, Jackie Zeman
Wednesday David Brenner Thursday Samuel
L. Jackson, Barbara Eden Friday The Rock,
Harry Smith

ROSIE O'DONNELL Monday John Stamos, Sheryl
Crow, Kate Burton Tuesday Mira Sorvino,
Marlo Thomas, Michael Weatherly Wednesday
Ethan Hawke, Susan Dey, Paige Turco
Thursday Vanessa Williams, Steven Weber
Friday Lorraine Bracco, Jason Priestley

WhattoWatch

WEDNESDAY April 17

8-9PM

ENTERPRISE (UPN, TV-PG) Crew members are attacked by a "hostile female Klingon," as opposed to the friendly variety who stop by for tea and a game of bridge. (R)

DAWSON TURNS 100!

8-9PM

DAWSON'S CREEK (The WB, TV-PG-DL) So much for his youthful glow then, I guess. Oh, 100 episodes old—I get it.

9-10:30PM

mtvICON: AEROSMITH (MTV, TV-14-LV) Kid Rock, Janet Jackson, and Pink are among the performers telling Aerosmith how awesome they are.

9-10PM

FELICITY (The WB, TV-PG-D) Cheater! Felicity panics about getting caught for turning in a phony-baloney paper. That's because she's a...CHEATER!

9-10PM

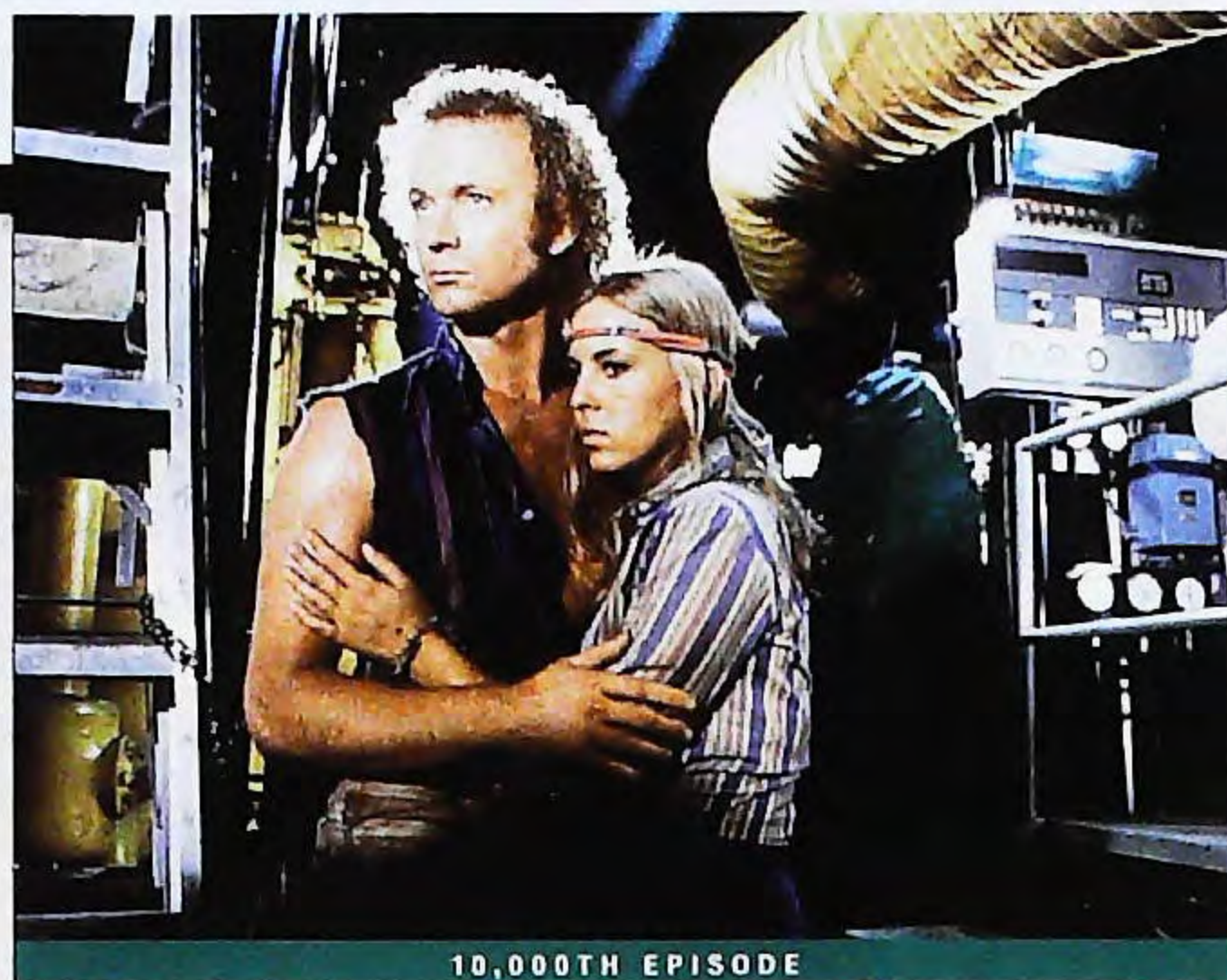
THE WEST WING (NBC, TV-PG) First he lies about his MS, and now President Bartlet goes and fibs on the phone to a Butterball turkey lady. Maybe he's been taking pointers from cheater Felicity. CHEATER! (R)

9-10PM

THE AMAZING RACE 2 (CBS) The teams are sent to Hong Kong, but unfortunately, Phooley's nowhere to be found.

10-11PM

MEMPHIS HOMICIDE SQUAD (Court TV, TV-MA) You say Memphis, and I think hound dogs and barbeque. Apparently, I should also be thinking about...murder! At least that's what's on the minds of detectives in "one of the busiest homicide divisions in the country." I'm sure they're not adverse to sucking down some ribs, though. (Concludes April 19)



10,000TH EPISODE

3-4PM

GENERAL HOSPITAL (ABC, TV-PG) Ah, *General Hospital*. Who can forget all the classic characters: Luke (Anthony Geary), Laura (Genie Francis, above with Geary), and...um, who did Rick Springfield play again? Forgive us our momentary lapse, but with the show now turning 10,000 episodes old, that makes for a lot of dead (and eventually reincarnated, or, in the case of Stavros, thawed out) people to keep track of. We do know this much, however: Joe Behar, who directed the pilot episode 39 years ago, will once again be calling the shots for the magic number. And you can expect to see plenty of clips of past stars (like Demi Moore, Ricky Martin, and John Stamos) pop up as the Port Charles pack reminisces about what a long, strange trip it's been.

THURSDAY April 18



I CAN'T DRIVE 55, BUT I CAN MAKE A KILLER MARGARITA!

7-8PM

INCREDIBLE: MEXICO (Travel Channel, TV-PG) You know those pharmaceutical ads where the monotone voice segues from the wonders of Prozac to all its horrible potential side effects? Well, this tour of Mexico subscribes to the same school of really bad transitions: Segment 7 is a socially conscious look at border patrol. Segment 8 features two models competing to see who can change out of her bikini the fastest. As if frat boys with low narrative standards aren't already sold, Sammy Hagar (above) steps in to explain where tequila comes from. But, all in all, Mexico is so alluring that most folks will find some kind of joy in this jumping bean of a ride. B —*Caroline Kepnes*

8-9:45PM

SINGIN' IN THE RAIN (Turner Classic Movies, TV-G) What a wonderful feeling/I'm watching Gene Kelly go nuts with the umbrella again.

8-9PM

SAVE OUR HISTORY: AMERICAN LIGHTHOUSES (History Channel, TV-G) There used to be 2,200 lighthouses in America. Now, there are only 800, and lighthouse fanatics are up in arms! Down in lighthouses, up in arms—it all evens out.

8-9PM

SURVIVOR: MARQUESAS (CBS) Anyone out there have any idea what the hell Sierra Mist is anyway?

8-8:30PM

FRIENDS (NBC, TV-14) Chandler can't stop playing *Ms. Pac-Man*, which we understand on one level, but, hey, it's no *Wizard of War*. (R)

9-10PM*

FRONTLINE: MODERN MEAT (PBS) Fast-food hamburger meat gives some people the willies, and with one study now showing that any such burger has beef from more than 100 different cows, the Filet-O-Fish is looking better every single minute.

*CHECK LOCAL LISTINGS

10-10:30PM

ALANIS FOR REAL (Oxygen, TV-PG) Thank God, because the fake Alanis was really starting to annoy us. Miss Morissette talks about how irritating critics are during this sit-down session. Of course, she's not referring to me. At least, I don't think so. Hey, someone get Alanis on the phone, pronto!

10:30-11PM

ON THE RECORD WITH BOB COSTAS (HBO, TV-PG) Off-his-rocker Mark Cuban goes on the record with Bob Costas.

“★★★★★...”

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of Obsession
and Revenge

Moby Dick

Patrick Stewart Gregory Peck Henry Thomas

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fashion victim?



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WhattoWatch

FRIDAY

April 19

8-9PM

PROVIDENCE (NBC, TV-PG) I had such a crush on guest star Marilu Henner when I was a kid. Those redheads, they're just so fiery.

8-10PM

REMEMBER THE TITANS (STARZ, TV-PG) Yes, it's sappy, and the little girl is supremely annoying, but check out Denzel's nice modified 'fro.

8-10PM

THE ROCK (USA, TV-14-V) Nicolas Cage plunges a big needle into his heart. At least that's what I've been told, as my eyes were sealed firmly shut during that part.

10-11PM

LEXX (Sci Fi) Allens attack Japan. Jeez, first Godzilla, now this! Some people can't catch a break.



NAUGHTY NORTON

11-11:30PM

SO GRAHAM NORTON (BBC America, TV-MA) Why are the British so randy? During the half-hour variety show, sinfully flamboyant host Norton manages to cram in two "head of cock" cracks, an edible-undie gag, and a "hoover" joke tossed in for good measure. And just when you think it couldn't get worse, Shannen Doherty (above with Norton) walks through the door! Normally the pouty little hell-raiser, poor Shannen couldn't look more mortified: Somewhere between playing a game of darts (naturally, the bull's-eye is a picture of a man's rump) and watching an audience member shove her whole fist in her mouth, Shannen was probably thinking that she needed a new agent. We don't blame her. C —Sunny Lee

SATURDAY

April 20



NICK CHICK

8-9:30PM

NICKELODEON'S 15TH ANNUAL KIDS' CHOICE AWARDS (Nickelodeon, TV-G) Isn't there some poll that shows how kids are always able to pick the next President? It's like, why do we even bother to vote? The little buggers already have it all figured out! So now that we've established their mental superiority, it's easy to feel stupid for overlooking many of tonight's nominees in our own adult awards shows. I mean, how did we forget *Dr. Dolittle 2* at the Oscars? And to shut out Dream at the Grammys—I don't know what we were smoking. At least host Rosie O'Donnell (above), performer Pink, and the youngster set can finally show us who the real winners are.

1-2PM

MTV'S FIRST NATIONAL SEX QUIZ (MTV) Hosts John Norris and SuChin Pak try to convince teen viewers to wrap their rascals.

6-7PM*

BEHIND THE SCENES AT THIS OLD HOUSE (PBS, TV-G) So, what are we talking about then, the basement?

*CHECK LOCAL LISTINGS

10-11PM

IRON CHEF (Food Network, TV-G) Potato battle!

9-11PM

PROJECT VIPER (Sci Fi, TV-14-LV) Sci Fi's new film follows a "human/computer hybrid" that goes on a massive killing spree. Note to inventors: This *always* happens. Enough with the cyborgs! Go create a better toaster instead.

SUNDAY

April 21

6-9PM

WEST SIDE STORY (Turner Classic Movies, TV-PG) I don't know about you, but the New York gang that mugged me certainly wasn't skipping down the street and singing.

7-7:30PM

JUSTICE LEAGUE (Cartoon Network, TV-Y7-FV) This latest collection of comic superheroes is cool and all, but what's up with omitting my man Apache Chief? Since when is the need for a guy who can turn into a towering giant on demand in short supply?

7-11PM

PREGNANCY FOR DUMMIES (Discovery Health, TV-G) Well, I was pretty sure guys couldn't get pregnant, but then I rented that Arnold Schwarzenegger flick *Junlo*, and now I'm all confused again.

8-9PM

IN SEARCH OF EDEN (TLC, TV-G) It's easy, just look for the naked people feasting on apples and rapping with a snake.

8-9PM

I, CLAUDIUS (Trio, TV-14-S) I, Dalton, was wondering if it's possible to make it through all 13 parts of the 1976 miniseries. (Concludes April 27)

8-9PM

CMT CROSSROADS (CMT, TV-PG) If every girl crazy 'bout a sharp-dressed man, how come the dudes in ZZ Top always choose to look like unshaven gas-station attendants? Some-

thing to ponder as they play tunes with country superstars Brooks & Dunn this evening.

8-9PM

TOP TEN MONSTER TRUCKS (Travel Channel, TV-PG) I actually went to a monster truck show once, and doctors tell me the hearing in my right ear should return in about, oh, 20 years. But let me tell you this: Grave Digger KICKED ASS!!!

8-10PM

WHITEWASH: THE CLARENCE BRANDLEY STORY (Showtime, TV-14) Courtney B. Vance, Eamonn Walker, and Gil Bellows star in this true story about a man sentenced to death for a crime he did not commit.

8-10PM

ECO-CHALLENGE: NEW ZEALAND (USA, TV-PG-L) Mark Burnett's other reality competition that makes *Survivor* contestants look like flat-out wimps returns. (Concludes April 24)

8-8:30PM

THE SIMPSONS (Fox, TV-PG-V) Even the best show in the history of television must resort to a clip show from time to time.

9-11PM

THE REAL EVE (Discovery Channel, TV-G) Is this sort of like *Alanis for Real* (see Thursday)? Are the pop princess and mother of man in cahoots or something? In any event, Danny Glover narrates this look at a prehistoric mama with some very familiar DNA.



SEASON FINALE

7-7:30PM

FUTURAMA (Fox, TV-PG) For its third season finale, Matt Groening's underappreciated, geek-friendly space 'toon truly sets its phasers on nerd. When the original *Star Trek* actors (William Shatner, Leonard Nimoy, George Takei, et al. supply voice-overs) are kidnapped by an evil energy cloud for an eternity-long *Trek* convention, Fry, Leela, and Bender must save them amid in-jokes aplenty: The cast partakes in "Ambassador Sarek's Trivia Challenge" (named after Spock's dad), Nichelle Nichols reprises her derided *Star Trek V* fan dance, and Shatner tears his shirt to reveal his chest before starting a fight. Why more *Simpsons* fans don't embrace this equally hilarious show is highly illogical. A- —Josh Wolk



DON'T MAKE US TURN THIS CAR AROUND!

8-10PM

DISAPPEARANCE (TBS, TV-PG) Lesson No. 1 when stuck in a deserted mining town and facing some sort of mysterious, unseen killing force: Do not separate! *L.A. Law* vets Harry Hamlin and Susan Dey (above) even acknowledge this fact, advising their family to stick together in TBS' cable-pic thriller, before proceeding to head off in every different direction. (Strength in numbers, people!) But stupid survival tactics are nothing compared to the fact that said mysterious, unseen killing force remains both mysterious and unseen—throughout the entire film! Intrigue and suspense are one thing (well, two things actually), but at some point you need to spell out what the hell is going on here. (One crazy man's ramble about nuclear radiation, an Indian burial ground, and Area 51—yes, all three!—serves as perhaps the most lamebrained exposition in recent memory.) It's too bad, because *Disappearance* is an otherwise competent, eerie drama. If only we knew what was supposed to be so gosh darn scary. C+

9-10PM

THE X-FILES (Fox, TV-PG-L) No, Duchovny's not back quite yet, but the Lone Gunmen are, and that's not too shabby a consolation prize.

GRAPE NEHI ALERT!

9-10PM

TV TALES: M*A*S*H (E!, TV-PG) Loretta Swit, Wayne Rogers, and Jamie Farr discuss what made operating on wounded soldiers so drop-dead hilarious.

9-10PM

SIX FEET UNDER (HBO, TV-MA) At the one-year anniversary of Papa Fisher's death, the family welcomes a houseguest, while Claire reunites with a guy from her past. And as if that doesn't sound creepy enough, she does so online. Yikes!

9-11PM

TWO AGAINST TIME (CBS, TV-PG-L) Lightning strikes twice as Mario Thomas and Ellen Muth star as an at-odds mother and daughter both diagnosed with cancer. You'll be diagnosed as weepy before it's all over.

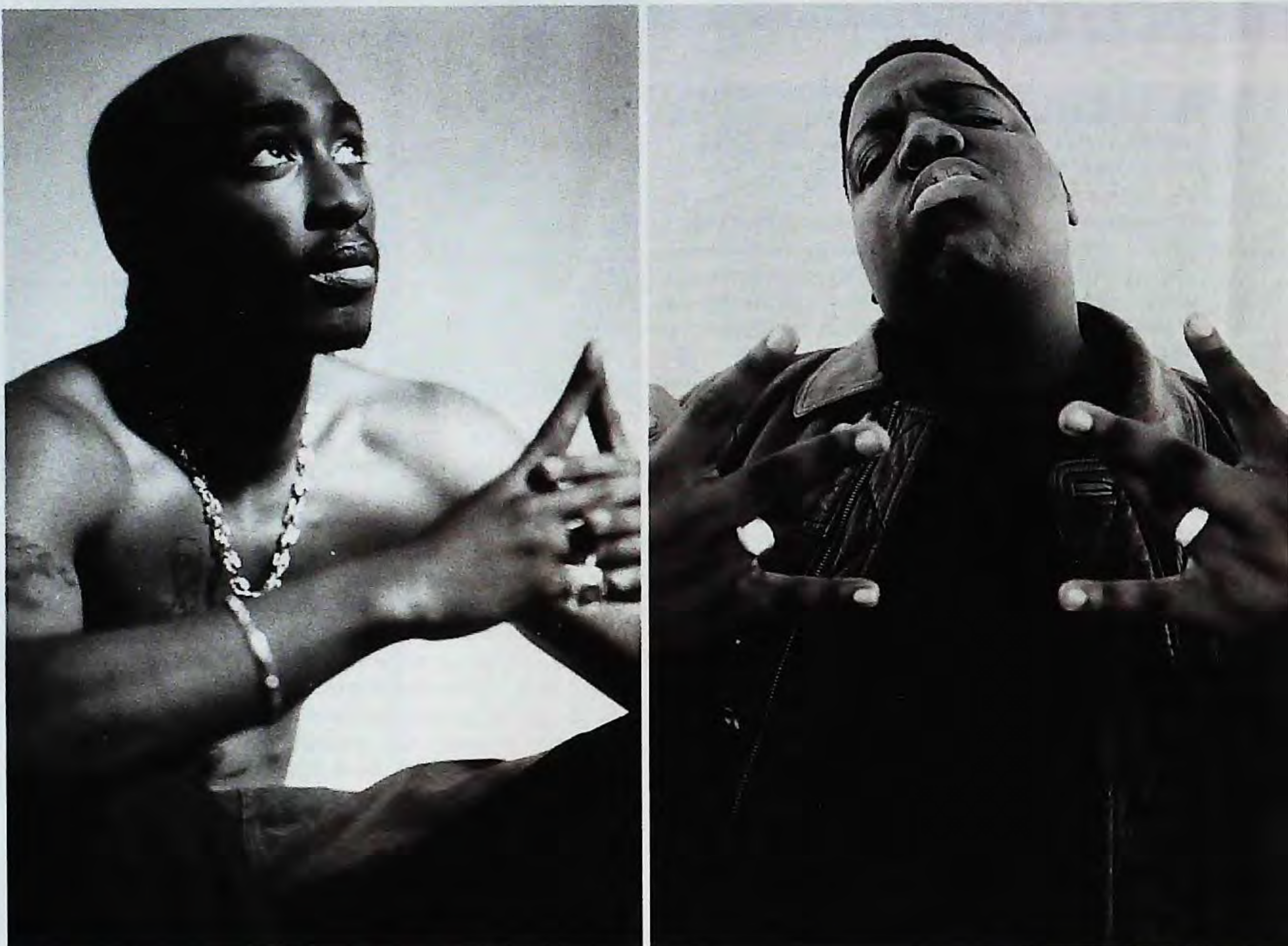
10-11PM

JIM BREUER: HARDWARE (Comedy Central, TV-MA) Saw this guy do stand-up once a few years back. Pretty damn funny.

10-11PM

HOOKERS AT THE POINT: FIVE YEARS LATER (HBO, TV-MA) But honey, it's my job—I have to watch it.

TELEVISION



Crime Story

The murders of Tupac Shakur and Biggie Smalls remain unsolved. A tenacious journalist thinks he has the answers. by Evan Serpick

THE NOTION THAT MEMBERS of the Los Angeles Police Department—along with rap mogul Suge Knight and members of the Bloods street gang—were allegedly involved in the murders of Tupac Shakur and Biggie Smalls *should* be the domain of crackpots. But in the wake of Mark Fuhrman, Rodney King, and the Rampart scandal, America's most wanted police department is hardly above reproach. That the murders of hip-hop's two

biggest stars—both committed in public view—remain unsolved some five years later only adds to our collective readiness to consider such a disquieting premise.

But Randall Sullivan's dense chronicle, **Labyrinth: A Detective Investigates the Murders of Tupac Shakur and Notorious B.I.G., the Implication of Death Row Records' Suge Knight, and the Origins of the Los Angeles Police Scandal**, goes far be-

yond a conspiracy theory. Sullivan, an esteemed journalist, lays the groundwork for his story by providing readers with just enough background on the intertwined histories of hip-hop, street gangs, and the LAPD to process the deluge of data that follows. Then he goes on to construct a compelling story, involving Knight and members of the LAPD, with a collection of department interviews, reports, and affidavits—courtesy of

former detective Russell Poole.

In March 1997, Poole, a decorated officer praised for his tenacity and attention to detail, was assigned to investigate the shooting of off-duty cop Kevin Gaines. Poole quickly discovered that Gaines seemed to have lived a double life, working in LAPD's Pacific division while moonlighting as a security guard for Knight's Death Row Records. As Poole tugs on this thread, he unravels a truly labyrinthine knot of street thugs, rogue cops, and some of the most prominent names in rap.

At the center of the fray, Poole finds Suge Knight, whom Sullivan describes as an entrepreneurial thug and alleged member of Compton's Piru Bloods who used intimidation and brutality to shove his way into the hugely profitable hip-hop business. Death Row al-

bums by Dr. Dre and Snoop Dogg sold millions of copies and introduced America to the breezy California G-funk style. But according to the author, behind the music label was a vast criminal enterprise.

Sullivan claims Knight recruited police officers to do security work for him partially because they were already permitted to carry concealed weapons, and partially because their fear of getting caught for unauthorized moonlighting gave him leverage. Poole soon realized that Knight's hired hands gave him a powerful card to play against the LAPD, which worked out to be a brilliant strategy given the department's desire to avoid scandal.

Poole's investigation eventually led him to David Mack, an LAPD officer and, according to Sullivan, a Death Row employee who owned a black Impala SS and German-manufactured bullets, both of which matched the ones used in Biggie Smalls' murder. After Mack's arrest for a bank robbery, the first person to visit him was Amir Muhammed, who distinctly resembled the composite drawing of Biggie's suspected killer (Sullivan smartly includes a photo of Muhammed next to the police sketch of the shooting suspect).

Plunging deeper still, Poole investigates Tupac Shakur's murder. The book cites several insiders—including Snoop Dogg—implicating Knight. A witness describes Knight's curious behavior on the night of the murder, orchestrating Tupac's every movement. (Tupac's friend Yafu Fula, who saw the killing, was murdered before he could be interviewed by police.) Sullivan suggests Death Row owed Tupac \$3 million and Knight didn't want to pay up. In the days leading up to his assassination, Tupac fired his Death Row attorney, and it was clear that

he planned to leave the label.

According to Sullivan, despite an amazing array of evidence, some of his LAPD superiors who were leery of further scandal ordered Poole not to pursue leads that pointed either to officers or to Death Row (Knight would complain volubly to the media about racism whenever his name was linked to the murders). When Poole disobeyed orders, department brass censored his reports and removed him from the case (the LAPD chief declined to comment on specific allegations and maintained that one of his reports was merely edited). Despised by his colleagues and thwarted by his bosses, Poole resigned from the LAPD.

These details represent just the tip of Sullivan's mountain of data, so exhaustive as to be unreadable at times. The author writes like a man on a mission, forsaking graceful prose for scholarly precision. For those who have followed the cases, not many of Sullivan's theories are new: Stories in the *Los Angeles Times* and *LA Weekly*, the author's own story in *Rolling Stone*, and Nick Broomfield's documentary *Biggie and Tupac* contain much of the same information. But no single source presents so complete or damning a record as *Labyrinth*. Augmented by a roster of more than 130 key players, a detailed timeline of events, and reference to 224 supporting documents, the book offers a blueprint for federal authorities to investigate the grave injustices it alleges. At the end of the book, Sullivan reports that in response to heightened publicity, the FBI is launching an investigation into Knight's alleged role in the murders of Tupac and Biggie. One can only hope its inquiry is as thorough as Sullivan's. **B**

Oprah Winfrey Shuts Down Her Book Club

FINAL CHAPTER

I'M WEeping BITTERLY, SAYS PUBLISHER Judith Regan. "I've taken to my bed. Get the smelling salts. You think I'm kidding?" Regan, who edited Wally Lamb's *I Know This Much Is True*, the 19th selection of Oprah Winfrey's Book Club, is bemoaning publishing's black Friday, when the club ended a six-year run that revived a hurting industry and sold countless millions of copies of literary novels. "This is the end....," Oprah told her aghast April 5 studio audience. "From now on, when I come across something I feel absolutely compelled to share, I will do that, but it will not be every month...." Winfrey's 48th and final pick, Toni Morrison's 1973 novel *Sula*, rocketed to No. 10 on Amazon.com within 20 minutes of being selected.

Winfrey's decision will reverberate in publishing houses and in bookstores (which reaped huge collateral benefits since Book Club followers would often buy other books once a Winfrey pick got them into the store). But it may be most shattering to authors, who routinely saw their sales increase by 500,000 to well over a million volumes after being selected. (Not to mention the movie sales and hefty contracts for future books that often followed.) "Oprah did the literary equivalent of inventing penicillin," says Scribner VP and director of publicity Pat Eisemann. "Honestly, how many people would have read so many of these wonderful books without her?"

Winfrey's tastes ranged from Bernhard Schlink (*The Reader*, appropriately) to first-time novelist Christina Schwarz (*Drowning Ruth*), from Joyce Carol Oates to the infamously conflicted Jonathan Franzen. "I shared that show with some quintuplets from Chicago," remembers Jacquelyn Mitchard, whose *Deep End of the Ocean* was the club's first pick. "When sales went bananas, people said, 'Whoa, wait a minute!'... Nobody else in show business or the literary world has that across-the-board appeal." Except, perhaps, for America's sweetheart Katie Couric. A shrewd NBC jumped on Oprah's news, announcing plans to launch a *Today* show book club in June. And publishers everywhere rejoiced. —Karen Valby



The Week

» Nonfiction

F'D COMPANIES: SPECTACULAR DOT-COM FLAMEOUTS ♦ **Phillip J. Kaplan** (*Simon & Schuster, \$18*) What's an f'd company? One that winds up on the infamous dotcom "deadpool" site F---edCompany.com. That's where Kaplan, using his nom de Net, Pud, chronicles the demise of the Internet economy with help from nearly 4 million monthly visitors, including journalists and CEOs. His eviscerations of the 150 companies in this book point out such obvious shortcomings that you'll be amazed anyone ever invested in them (example: Flooz.com, which attempted to replace credit cards and cash with virtual "Flooz" bucks). You'll also wonder how a self-deprecating computer programmer who possesses all the expletive-filled charm of Joe Pesci in *GoodFellas* wrote a book that business-school grads will be reading in droves. **A** —*Noah Robischon*

RING OF FIRE: THE JOHNNY CASH READER ♦ Edited by Michael

Streissguth (*Da Capo, \$26*) There have been many Johnny Cashes—pill-popping rockabilly rebel, affable country superstar, Bible-quoting family man, prison-reform spokesman, alternative-rock icon—and this collection of articles from 1956 to 2001 tries to find the link that connects them. Some swing and miss wildly, like a 1969 *New York Times* assertion that "few of the songs Cash has written are superlative." Most of these writers acknowledge the unflinching honesty of his art, but it's the articles that include Cash's own recollections of his drug problems and the flood that threatened his family farm that carry the most weight. His humility and restless nature dominate every tale, proving that after 47 years in the spotlight, the Man in Black remains one of music's most fascinating and elusive figures. **B** —*Bob Cannon*

PRIVATE DREAMS OF PUBLIC PEOPLE ♦ **Lauren Lawrence** (*Assouline, \$34.95*) If this book proves one thing, it's that the dreams of celebrities can be as boring as those of nor-



mal folks. Fortunately, Lawrence's earnest analyses—accompanied by photos of the dreamers—are entertaining. Whether she's equating Denis Leary's breast-feeding dream to a latent desire for oral favors from Madonna or concluding that Paris Hilton (surprise!) wants to expose herself "to the dangers and risks...of growing up in the fast lane," Lawrence delivers her Freudian-tinged interpretations with insight and keeps *Dreams* from becoming the literary equivalent of a cup of warm milk. **B** —*Clarissa Cruz*

» Fiction

THE HAUNTING OF L. ♦ **Howard Norman** (*FSG, \$24*) Norman, author of *The Bird Artist* and *The Museum Guard*, both impeccable novels, returns to Nova Scotia for another stripped-down read. As in its predecessors, a redheaded dame and drafty old hotels figure prominently. Young Peter Duvett, on the run from his demons, hooks up with a sinister portrait artist and his ghost-obsessed new wife in 1926. An illicit love affair, deception, and



Paul O'Neill

The retired Yankees star sold *Me and My Dad* to Morrow. The memoir deals with his father's death in 1999.

murder await the dubious trio, in ways the reader might not expect. All this sounds rather heady, and the book is indeed a page-turner, but Norman writes with his usual powerful restraint. By story's end, one of the many guilty parties confesses to his misdeeds in a rabid scribble, "writing, writing as if to beat the Devil." **A** —*Karen Valby*

OXYGEN ♦ **Andrew Miller** (*Harcourt, \$24*) Some novels you admire for the breadth and sweep of their canvases, others for their exquisitely detailed brushwork. Miller's gently wrought four-person character study is in the latter category, but no less consequential for its modesty of scale. In her home in the English countryside, an old woman in the final stages of cancer feels her way toward the end of her life as her two adult sons come together to care for her. Some overdrawn life-on-the-fringes-of-showbiz scenes and a counterpoint plot involving an exiled Hungarian playwright aren't as sure-handed as they should be, but Miller's depiction of a matriarch's waning days and twilight thoughts is sensitive enough to mark him as a real talent. **B+** —*Mark Harris*

WILD GINGER ♦ **Anchee Min** (*Houghton Mifflin, \$23*) As she did in her historical novel *Becoming Madame Mao* and memoir, *Red Azalea*, 45-year-old Anchee Min returns to her girlhood during the Cultural Revolution in Communist China—the source of her identity, her misery, her art. This time, the blooming and withering of a thousand flowers is conveyed in a novel about a tormented young woman whose desperate devotion to Chairman Mao overrides even the denunciation of her French father and the death of her grieving mother. Min's language isn't elegant, and her storytelling is often as plain and worn as the threadbare wardrobe of her youth. But the blunt intensity of the telling, and the way Min grimly returns to reexamine pain, communicates its own spare dignity. **B** —*Lisa Schwarzbaum*

MY LIFE IN HEAVY METAL ♦ **Steve Almond** (*Grove Press, \$23*) In an assured debut, Almond gathers 12 short stories, all focusing on the

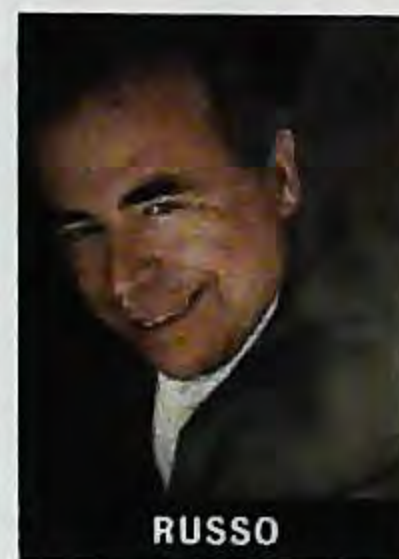
Proving They've Got the Write Stuff, a Young Playwright and a Veteran Novelist Win Pulitzers

VICTOR, VICTOR



"I WAS OUTSIDE the theater and there was this spontaneous party. We were just huggin' and drinkin' champagne, and it dawned on me: I might be the only woman who has won this award who can dance." Of course, Suzan-Lori Parks is far more than that. When the 38-year-old playwright twirled in 8-inch platform heels in front of Manhattan's Ambassador Theatre, home to her play *Topdog/Underdog*, she did so as the first African-American woman to win a Pulitzer Prize for Drama. The award was

won for her dazzling two-man show starring Jeffrey Wright and Mos Def as brothers struggling with family, race, and the brute hand of history. "I'm happy!... My head is going to swell so big I won't be able to get out of a cab!" she laughs. "But can't let that happen. I gotta write tomorrow."



"MY POOR WIFE," chuckles 52-year-old novelist Richard Russo, remembering her "tears of where-the-hell-is-he" when he returned home late from the tennis court on April 8.

She'd been saddled with a frenetically ringing phone for 20 minutes as word spread that Russo's big tale of a ragged mill town, *Empire Falls*, had just beaten Jonathan Franzen's *The Corrections* for this year's Pulitzer Prize for Fiction. "Paul Newman called, because he's producing *Empire Falls* for HBO," he says. "But I wasn't there!" His hearty laughter indicates he's yet to feel any newfound pressure. "I suspect that if I didn't have 75 pages of a new book written, [this prize] might have a paralyzing effect," he says. "But this [new book] I already feel very deeply about...and it may just be my salvation." —*Daniel Fierman and Gregory Kirschling*

BEST-SELLERS

HOOSIER DADDY?

HIS FORMER BASKETBALL team made it all the way to the Final Four without him, but disgraced Indiana coach Bobby Knight isn't throwing any tantrums. Not with his memoir, *Knight: My Story* (200,000 copies in print after three pressruns), debuting this week at No. 3. Meanwhile, onetime anonymous author Joe Klein takes full credit for *The Natural: The Misunderstood Presidency of Bill Clinton* (62,000 copies in print), which gathers steam at No. 15.



FICTION

		WEEKS ON LIST
1	EVERYTHING'S EVENTUAL: 14 DARK TALES Stephen King, Scribner, \$28	2
2	THE SUMMONS John Grisham, Doubleday, \$27.95	8
3	2ND CHANCE James Patterson with Andrew Gross, Little, Brown, \$26.95	4
4	THE NANNY DIARIES Emma McLaughlin and Nicola Kraus, St. Martin's, \$24.95	4
5	WIDOW'S WALK Robert B. Parker, Putnam, \$24.95	2
6	ATONEMENT Ian McEwan, Doubleday, \$26	3
7	BODY OF LIES Iris Johansen, Bantam, \$24.95	1
8	A CARESS OF TWILIGHT Laurell K. Hamilton, Ballantine, \$23.95	1
9	THE STONE MONKEY Jeffrey Deaver, Simon & Schuster, \$25	3
10	THE ENGLISH ASSASSIN Daniel Silva, Putnam, \$25.95	4

NONFICTION

1	SELF MATTERS: CREATING YOUR LIFE FROM THE INSIDE OUT Phillip C. McGraw, Simon & Schuster, \$25	18
2	STUPID WHITE MEN...AND OTHER SORRY EXCUSES FOR THE STATE OF THE NATION! Michael Moore, ReganBooks, \$24.95	6
3	KNIGHT: MY STORY Bob Knight with Bob Hammel, St. Martin's/Thomas Dunne, \$25.95	1
4	WHO MOVED MY CHEESE? Spencer Johnson, Putnam, \$19.95	117
5	A MIND AT A TIME Mel Levine, M.D., Simon & Schuster, \$26	1
6	THE WISDOM OF MENOPAUSE Christiane Northrup, M.D., Bantam, \$27.95	16
7	REPORT FROM GROUND ZERO Dennis Smith, Viking, \$24.95	2
8	BIAS: A CBS INSIDER EXPOSES HOW THE MEDIA DISTORT THE NEWS Bernard Goldberg, Regnery, \$27.95	14
9	BODY FOR LIFE Bill Phillips and Michael D'Orso, HarperCollins, \$26	135
10	GET WITH THE PROGRAM! Bob Greene, Simon & Schuster, \$24	8

SOURCE: PUBLISHERS WEEKLY

BIG-SCREEN BOUND

ALMS BEFORE MEN Richard Price (*Knopf, scheduled for winter 2003*) Paramount Pictures and literature-loving producer Scott Rudin optioned Price's upcoming novel, a darkly comic New Jersey-centric tale.

HENRY'S LIST OF WRONGS John Scott Shepherd (*Rugged Land, \$24.95*) New Line Cinema optioned Shepherd's first novel, about one very repentant Kansas City man. Jim Carrey is attached to star in the film.

THE KILLER INSIDE ME Jim Thompson (*Vintage Crime/Black Lizard, \$11*) The 1952 pulp-fiction classic is coming to theaters near you. Dominic Sena (*Gone in 60 Seconds*) will direct, with Chris Hanley (*American Psycho*) signed on to produce.



Crow Business

Confounding image aside, there's nothing confusing about how Sheryl Crow mines classic rock on *C'mon, C'mon*. by David Browne

EVERYTHING CONTRADICTORY about Sheryl Crow is embodied in "Soak Up the Sun," the initial single off *C'mon, C'mon*. An apparent dig at our information-saturated culture, the song is at best a mild knuckle rap from someone who shows up in the media at least once a week. In interviews, Crow regularly laments the music business' emphasis on hits, image, and instant gratification. Yet "Soak Up the Sun," a bouncy trifle

that amounts to Crow lite, can already be heard in an American Express ad, and I didn't notice any .45s pointed at her head in the song's skin-baring video. And for all her seeming disillusionment with stardom, *C'mon, C'mon* is a testament to her networking skills: One club-hopping pal or another, from Lenny Kravitz to Gwyneth Paltrow, makes an appearance on nearly every song.

These same disparities persist through the rest of the al-

bum. "All our pop stars look like porn/All my heroes hit the highway," she grouses in "Steve McQueen," a carousing ode to her own hit-the-road, Marlboro Girl self-image. This from a woman who showed up at February's Grammy ceremony looking like an (admittedly fetching) streetwalker? And if she's such a rebel—"I wanna rock and roll this party," she sings in that song—why does she make us suffer through "It's

So Easy," a waxy adultery ballad and duet with Don Henley that could double as the theme song to an especially gloppy Paltrow movie?

But in the same way Crow works a room, so does *C'mon, C'mon* jostle its way into your head. Crow is no artiste, but she is a supreme craftsperson; the spawn of Stevie Nicks and Tom Petty, she carries on their pop-craft traditions—their resistance to envisioning a world beyond 1979—without becoming a walking, talking classic-rock museum exhibit. Like her three previous studio records, *C'mon, C'mon* is rooted in old-school Cali pop but somehow manages never to sound fusty or musty.

It helps that Crow, unlike many of her nouveau roots-rock peers, feels music is as vital as words. Once again, she offers up a litany of good, bad, flawed, and doomed relationships with lovers, friends, and poseurs. She wants the pain to go away but, thankfully, not the hooks she and her cowriters (including guitarist Jeff Trott) effortlessly crank out. She overcomes the romantic torment in the title song and "Over You" with a chiming sound as big as a church, and she sets "Hole in My Pocket," another ode to her own free-spirited tendencies, to a kicky groove. As she has with many of her most memorable songs, from "If It Makes You

Happy" to "My Favorite Mistake," she mines leftover Keith Richards riffs for the sarcastic put-down "You're an Original" and the consoling "Abilene," with Kravitz and the Dixie Chicks' Natalie Maines, respectively, who add harmonies to Crow's own honeyed twang.

She's been here before, but not like this. More pop than Americana, *C'mon, C'mon* is her most overbaked work, swathed in strings, layers of gui-

Sheryl Crow
C'MON, C'MON
A&M

tars, drum loops, and whatever else was available in the studio. It's an approach that can backfire as much as it can inspire. "Safe and Sound," a Sept. 11-inspired ballad, suffers from a lugubrious arrangement, but "It's Only Love" is more lus-

cious and evocative than the sparer rendition she produced for Nicks last year.

The album ends on an austere note with "Weather Channel," a reflection on depression that, despite its punny title, is dark and somber. From its dabs

of artsy orchestration to its gentle Emmylou Harris harmony, it's clearly intended to be a major statement: "I got friends/They're waiting for me to comb out my hair/Come outside and join the human race," Crow sings with fragile resolve.

It's an unintentionally perfect capper. Sheryl Crow: VH1 party girl or tormented loner? The album never fully answers that question—maybe she doesn't know the answer herself—but give her this: She makes you enjoy the ride anyway. **B+**

Hear&Now

This week on the music beat BY EVAN SERPICK

» X-MAN? For most musicians, moving into film—increasing visibility, broadening appeal—is a great idea. For R. Kelly, it was a terrible idea. The multiplatinum R&B star is at the center of an ugly controversy sparked by the appearance of a videotape—anonymous mailed to the *Chicago Sun-Times*—that allegedly shows him having sex with a minor. Since news of the video first appeared in the *Sun-Times* Feb. 8, other sex tapes allegedly involving Kelly have surfaced, at least two young women (who don't appear on tape) are threatening to file lawsuits against him, and the Chicago police are investigating. Even if Kelly, 35, avoids prosecution, has his career been irreparably hobbled by the distasteful scandal?

The day the story broke, the Chicago native—who climbed the charts with hits like "Bump N' Grind" and "I Believe I Can Fly"—sang at the Olympics' opening ceremony. And it was anticipated that his soon-to-be-released collaboration with Jay-Z, *The Best of Both Worlds*, might be the best-selling hip-hop album ever. But a month later, on March 19, the disc debuted with little fanfare, moving an underwhelming 230,000 copies its first week. "It'd be selling at least double if it weren't for [the controversy]," says Wherehouse Entertainment's Violet Brown.

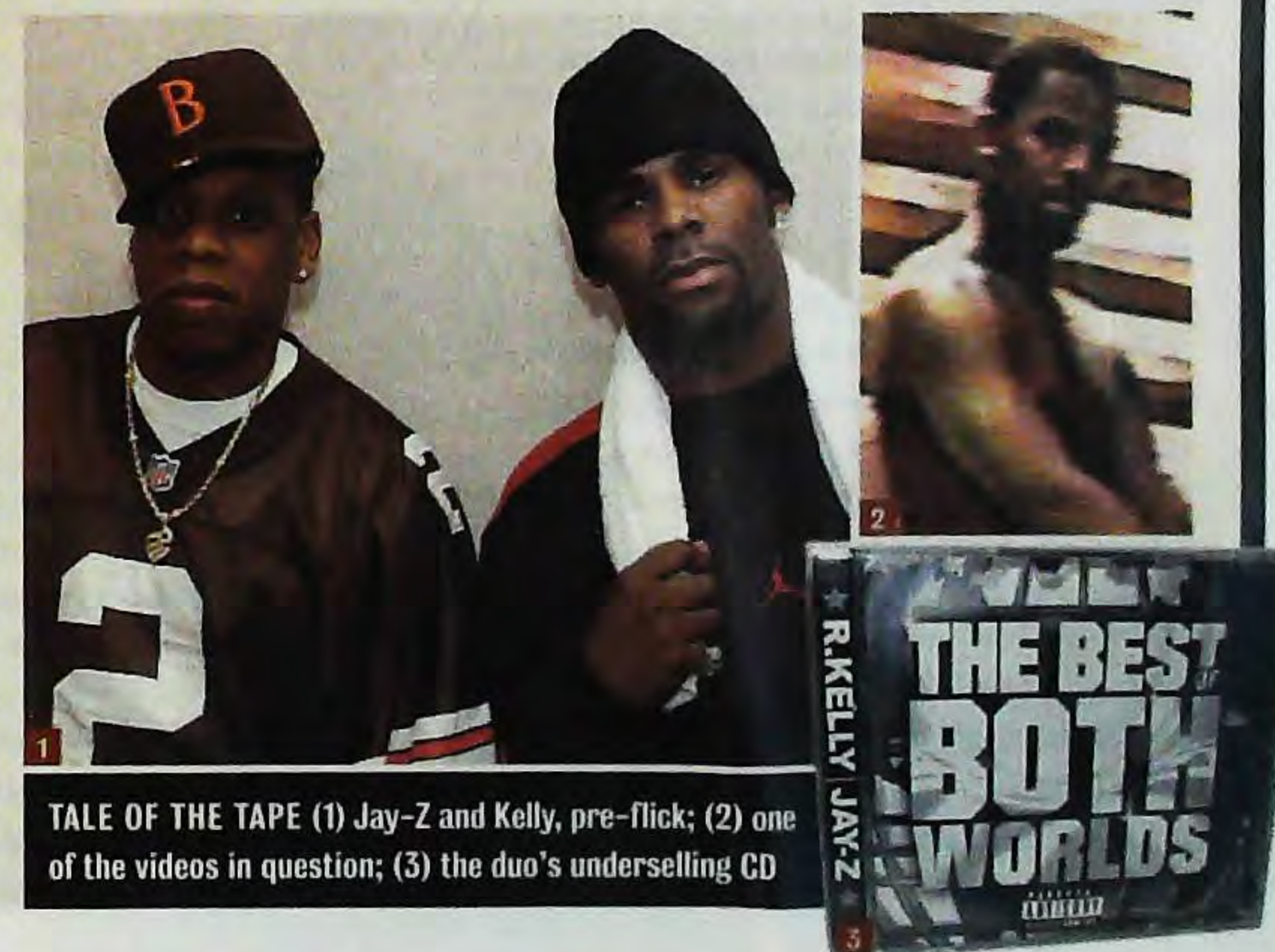
Sales have suffered, in part, due to a publicity drought. Def Jam Records, which released *Worlds*, recently canceled plans for a video and tour. The label even opted not to put the artists' faces on the cover—a cover in which their names are barely visible.

Kelly and his reps are working overtime on damage control. His lawyers insist that "no videotape of R. Kelly having sex with an underage girl exists." Bootleg copies of the *Sun-Times* tape and other alleged Kelly clips are now as easy to come by as the infamous Pamela Anderson-Tommy Lee home video. But Gerry Margolis, Kelly's general counsel, says he does not know which of the illicit tapes the Chicago police have in their possession. "How can they be beating a drum that Kelly ought to be prosecuted in connection with a tape that they won't even show Kelly's defense lawyers?"

While legal maneuvering continues, there's been an attempt to refocus attention on Kelly's music and philanthropy. A new single, "Soldier's Heart," will be released this month, with proceeds going to charity. And he's working on a solo album, *Loveland*, due Nov. 5. Despite Kelly's best efforts, however, the negative PR persists. In a separate case, he just settled a suit with Tracy Sampson, a former Epic intern, who claimed Kelly began coercing her to have sex in April 2000, when she was 17. On April 4, protesters stood outside Chicago's WGCI-FM and smashed Kelly CDs, while others picketed Sam Goody's in Philadelphia, demanding that the chain stop selling Kelly's discs. Still another group has begun to organize a national boycott. The singer has responded by asking fans to stand by him, something that at least one artist declined to do: Ashanti, who planned to duet with him on her blockbuster self-titled debut album (see p. 73), recorded with Ja Rule instead.

Kelly is no stranger to controversy. In 1994, at age 27, he married 15-year-old Aaliyah using falsified documents; the union was soon annulled. And in 1998, he settled a lawsuit with Tiffany Hawkins, who claimed Kelly urged her to participate in group sex with other minors when she was 15. Remarkably, after each public disgrace, Kelly has gone on to greater heights of success.

Despite protests, most retailers and radio stations haven't abandoned the artist. "We're still playing his records, and people still seem to like them," says Tracy Cioherty, program director of influential New York City rap station Hot 97. "He's one of the most talented people in the music industry, and I'd like to think that he can come back from this and be as strong as he ever was."



TALE OF THE TAPE (1) Jay-Z and Kelly, pre-flick; (2) one of the videos in question; (3) the duo's underselling CD

The Week

>> Singles

WEEZER • "Dope Nose" (Interscope) With its crunchy guitar riffs, grabby "oh-oh-oh" vocal hook, and no-frills production, the first single from Weezer's upcoming album has all the right moves. Except one: a killer chorus. It's half of a great single, lacking only that all-important payoff. And if anyone knows what "Cheese smells so good/On a burnt piece of lamb/Fact of the year/Who could beat up your man?" means, let us know. **B** —*Rob Brunner*

>> Pop/Rock/Rap

MICHELLE WILLIAMS • Heart to Yours (Music World/Columbia) On her solo debut, Destiny's Child member Williams shows off her wondrously odd set of pipes. Think Macy Gray as a 6-year-old choir-girl. Unfortunately, the album's languid grooves and so-called "inspirational" lyrics aren't as distinctive as her voice. This set is more likely to put you to sleep than to lift your spirit. **D+** —*Craig Seymour*

THE BOGGS • We Are the Boggs We Are (Arena Rock) Or *O Brooklyn, Where Art Thou?* In which young New Yorkers forget about keeping it real and make what sound like field recordings of a '30s mountain band: frenzied picking, in-the-bag singing, stomping-foot beats, stampeding melodies, and references to death, devils, and "darkening light." Even if it's a goof, it's an eerie, mysterious goof. **B+** —*DB*

OL' DIRTY BASTARD • The Trials and Tribulations of Russell Jones (D3/Def Jam) From the sound of things, ODB had enough material for (maybe) an EP. But thanks to a passel of motormouthed guests (Insane Clown Posse, E-40, and others), the slim pickings have been expanded to album length—with dire results. Even a whacked-out cover of Peaches & Herb's "Re-united" fails to catch fire. Recent reports say the currently incarcerated ODB had almost no involvement in making this album, and it sounds like it. Sad. **C-** —*Tom Sinclair*



LAST-ING IMPRESSION Young, Mitchell join The Band's Robbie Robertson

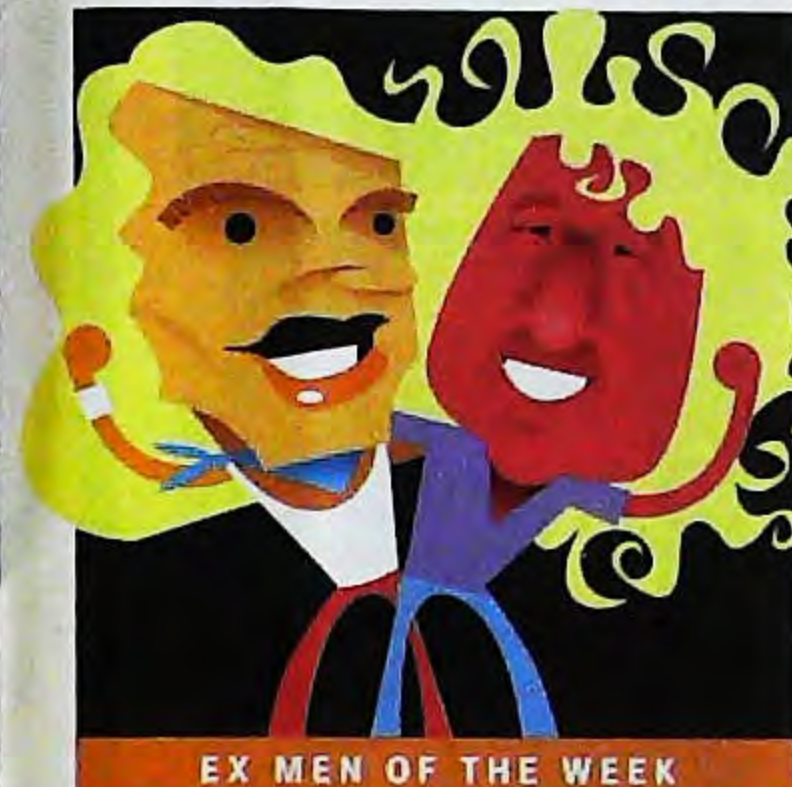
STEW • The Naked Dutch Painter... and Other Songs (Smile) L.A. singer-songwriter/unsung treasure Stew offers a semi-live, soul-warming album, his second since abandoning his hookier band, the Negro Problem. The black Burt Bacharach tells well-worn, poetic pop tales of dangerous women ("Giselle") and innocuous drugs ("The Drug Suite") sans pretension, stopping to charm audiences between songs with hysterical stage patter. **A-** —*ES*

CRAIG ARMSTRONG • As if to Nothing (Melankolic) Armstrong (*Moulin Rouge*, *Romeo + Juliet*) may be the mainstream's most progressive film composer; see his concurrent

work with Björk and Massive Attack. His second non-soundtrack LP is a swirling blend of orchestral themes, electronic beats, vocals (including Bono, who reprises U2's "Stay (Faraway, So Close!)"), and samples (King Crimson's 1974 art-rock classic "Starless II")—in essence, the modern symphony reimagined as a mix tape. Hey, concert promoters: The dude's onto something. **B+** —*Will Hermes*

>> Soundtracks

THE BAND • The Last Waltz (Warner/Rhino) Time hasn't diminished The Band's uniqueness or mythic mystery, as this luxurious four-CD boxed set documenting the group's



EX MEN OF THE WEEK

David Lee Roth and Sam Hagar

The former Van Halen front-men may team up for a series of road shows, to be called the Sam and Dave Tour. Maybe they should call it the Sans Halen Tour instead.

final concert at San Francisco's Winterland in 1976 demonstrates. Remastered, and featuring a plethora of bonus material not available on the 1978 soundtrack album to the Martin Scorsese film of the same name, it might be described as an embarrassment of riches. A-list guests like Bob Dylan, Neil Young, and Joni Mitchell add to the feeling that The Band went out on a

high note. The whole thing leaves us tickled pink, big time. **A** —*TS*

VARIOUS ARTISTS • The Scorpion King (Universal) Thanks to A&R assistance from Godsmack's Sully Erna, The Rock won't be disemboweling evil armies to 'N Sync or Enya in this installment of *The Mummy* saga. The 16-song CD features 10 worthwhile new cuts by hard-rocking chart-toppers like Creed, Nickelback, and System of a Down, including a Godsmack single. Even those who aren't caught up in the franchise may enjoy *Scorpion*'s sting. **B+** —*Robert Cherry*

>> Jazz

MICHAEL MOORE TRIO • The History of Jazz Volume 2: Dedications (Arbors) Making a grand statement with the leanest of means, Moore, a bassist's bassist and an increasingly accomplished composer, turns originals, standards, and well-picked obscurities into a showcase for his own massive talents as a player, as well as those of drummer Tom Melito and saxophonist-clarinetist Ken Peplowski. While not as inclusive as its title implies, *History* proves that when approached with imagination, mainstream jazz can still hold surprises. **A-** —*Steve Futterman*

More reviews at www.ew.com (AOL Keyword: EW)

FILE UNDER... MISSING IN ACTION



ILLUSTRATION BY KIRSTEN ULVE; ZANES: KEVIN JONES

ONCE UPON A TIME, WARREN Zanes was lead guitarist for the beloved 1980s Boston roots-rockers the Del Fuegos—not to mention a fractious partner to his bandleader/big brother Dan. But while Zanes the elder has lately reinvented himself as a Raffi for the hipster, it's bratty kid bro who's come up with a thing of indie-pop beauty. Unfortunately, you can't hear it: Recorded in 2000 in Nashville, with guest harmonies from the likes of Emmylou Harris and Patty Griffin, *Memory Girls* was set to come out on the Dust Brothers' Ideal label until their deal with Disney fell apart. Now, as Zanes gigs around the East Coast, his CD (a five-song EP version of which is available at warrenzanes.com) is making the rounds and, to quote one of its songs, "shining like a misplaced star." From the bruised shimmer of "Sidewalk Sale" and the sweet Memphis soul of "Hey Girl" to the Beckish "Everybody Loves You" and the sunshine power pop of "If You Could Stay," this is a perfect old-school summer record, no matter when it finally comes out. **A-** —*Ty Burr*

Led Zeppelin Legend John Paul Jones Confronts a World Without Bass

A BOTTOMLESS PIT?

TIMES ARE TOUGH FOR BASS players. Not only are Creed and Metallica using temps, but it seems like more and more bands are dispensing with the pesky four-string wielders altogether. In search of an expert assessment of this trebling trend, we played some bottomless new music (sans ID) for one of rock's most revered low-end thumpers: Led Zeppelin's John Paul Jones, who just released his bass-happy solo album, *The Thunderthief* (Discipline). —*Brian Hiatt*

• **YEAH YEAH YEAHS "Bang"** [Laughs] "The voice is great—is this a girl band? It sounds like a really enthusiastic demo. It's got a great vibe. What would the bass do here? Just follow the guitar. I could re-



produce the whole thing [on bass], but I don't know if it'd make it better or not."

• **THE JON SPENCER BLUES EXPLOSION "Shakin' Rock'n'Roll Tonight"** "I love the twin guitar intro; shades of Jimi Hendrix mixed with Creedence Clearwater, isn't

it? It sounds like it's recorded in a bar, and it's got a blues bass player you can't hear—but it doesn't matter. The bass would just add to the general swamp. I quite like it—I hear a bit of Elvis there."

• **THE WHITE STRIPES "Fell in Love With a Girl"** "It's 1978 again—it's a thousand bands. I can imagine how you can get into it if you're that age, but it doesn't really hold much interest for me. I'm sure the lyrics are witty and insightful and all that, but I've heard it all before."

• **LOCAL H "Bryn Mawr Stomp"** [After 20 seconds] "Enough. If someone sent this to me and said, 'Would you produce this?,' I would've turned it off by now. [No bass player] is the least of their problems."

THE CHART

ASHANTI TOWN

WHO WANTS TO BE A HALF millionaire? Ashanti ran up 502,000 first-week unit sales, a SoundScan record for the best out-of-the-box splash by a debuting female artist. (She was in no danger of topping the highest-scoring male freshman, Snoop Dogg, whose *Doggystyle* opened with 800,000 in 1993.) The R&B diva arrived well-exposed, of course, having guested on huge singles by Ja Rule and Fat Joe. Her bow handily eclipsed another impressive first-timer, Tweet, whose *Southern Hummingbird* flapped in at No. 3 with 195,000. With spring break over, sales were down for most returnees, including last week's half millionaire, Celine Dion, who dropped by 50 percent, to 263,000.



POP ALBUMS

LAST WEEK		WEEKS ON CHART
1	ASHANTI <i>Ashanti</i> , Def Jam	1
2	CELINE DION <i>A New Day Has Come</i> , Epic	2
3	TWEET <i>Southern Hummingbird</i> , Elektra	1
4	VARIOUS ARTISTS <i>NOW That's What I Call Music! 9</i> , Universal	3
5	VARIOUS ARTISTS <i>O Brother... soundtrack</i> , Mercury Nashville	67
6	R. KELLY AND JAY-Z <i>The Best of Both Worlds</i> , Def Jam	3
7	AVANT <i>Ecstasy</i> , MCA	2
8	VARIOUS ARTISTS <i>The Scorpion King</i> soundtrack, Universal	2
9	LUDACRIS <i>Word of Mouf</i> , Def Jam	19
10	PINK <i>Missundaztood</i> , Arista	20
11	VARIOUS ARTISTS <i>WWF: Forceable Entry</i> , Columbia	2
12	SHAKIRA <i>Laundry Service</i> , Epic	21
13	LINKIN PARK <i>Hybrid Theory</i> , Warner Bros.	76
14	PUDDLE OF MUDD <i>Come Clean</i> , Flawless/Geffen	32
15	NICKELBACK <i>Silver Side Up</i> , Roadrunner	30

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IN STORES APRIL 23

CEE-LO *Cee-Lo Green and His Perfect Imperfections* (Arista) The Goodie Mob foot soldier steps out on his own with this rap-gospel fusion CD featuring Blues Traveler's John Popper on "Country Love."

ELVIS COSTELLO *When I Was Cruel* (Island) After recent collaborations with the likes of Burt Bacharach, Costello returns with his first solo effort since 1996.

JOHN FORTE *I, John* (Kinetic) Refugee Camp producer and rapper Forte recorded this album while awaiting trial for drug charges that later landed him in jail.

MICHAEL BOLTON *Only a Woman Like You* (Jive) The balding balladeer hired pop-lite stars (Shania Twain, Richard Marx) to help out on his first disc in four years.

IF YOU LIKE...

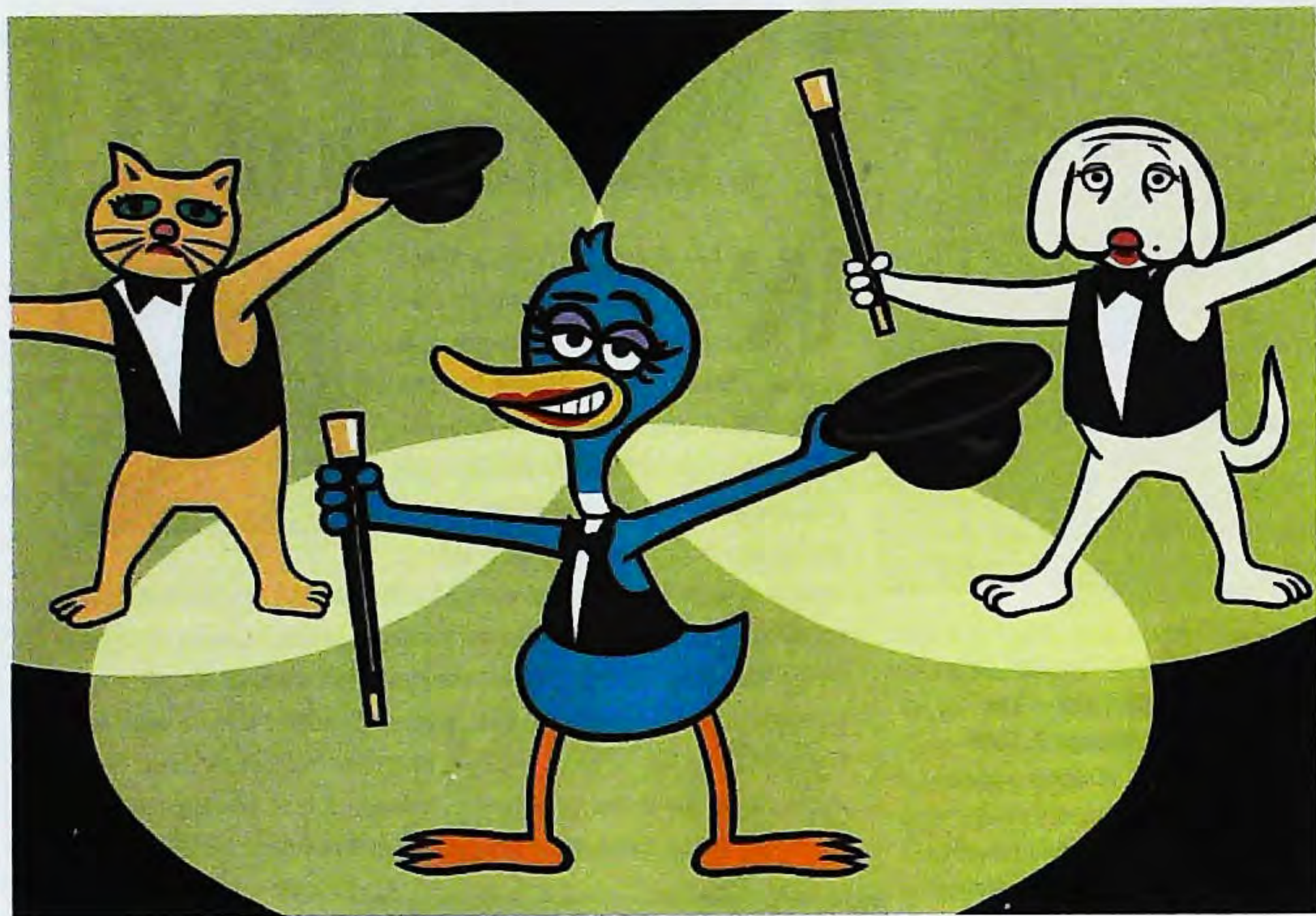
The idea of merging Slipknot and Nickelback, roar along with the melodic grind-core of ILL NINO's *Revolution/Revolución*.

blink-182, Sum 41, and other bratty punkers, pogo to SCHATZI's *Fifty Reasons to Explode*—even if they don't have a numeral in their name.

The hip-hop-infused folk-blues of Everlast, pick up CHUCK PROPHET's gritty-hoppy *No Other Love*.

DAFT PUNK, the French techno collection *My House in Montmartre*—featuring the Dafters as well as CASSIUS and PHOENIX—should be your cup of thé.

Jay and Silent Bob, you'll have the munchies for the double-jointed humor of CHEECH & CHONG, immortalized on the just-out anthology *Where There's Smoke*.



La Cage aux Fowl

He's here, he's queer, and he's...a duck. Meet the Web's new odd bird. by Richard Horrmann

WE'RE GOING TO EXPOSE the lives of gay cartoon characters!" That's the unlikely pitch Showtime executive Peter Keramidas heard last year when his network decided to defrost the animated Web series *Queer Duck* from the then-struggling Icebox.com. Since January, the hilarious exploits of the rainbow-flag-wearing avian protagonist (voiced by Jim J. Bullock) and his three friends—Openly Gator, Oscar Wildcat, and Bi Polar Bear—have been airing in weekly three-minute installments on Showtime's website (sho.com/queerduck). "It's embarrassing to say that all of the characters—and even some of the plots—are based on these cheesy puns," admits series creator Mike Reiss, a veteran TV producer and onetime writer for *The Simpsons*.

Whatever the inspiration, *Queer Duck* and his absolutely fabulous interactive environment keep fans flocking to the site, where a total of 20 episodes (including the five that originally appeared on Icebox) will eventually roost. Especially alluring is the clever animation by Web 'toon pioneer Xeth Feinberg, who first teamed up with Reiss on Icebox's decidedly revisionist *Hard Drinkin' Lincoln*. "I remember thinking it might be funny to do this with ridiculously cute cartoon characters," says Feinberg, whose ear-pierced, leather-clad Bi Polar Bear delivers quips in the droll manner of Paul Lynde. (RuPaul sings the theme song—and voiced *Queer Duck*'s brother in the "Fiddler on the Roofie" episode.)

Feinberg has developed similarly buoyant personalities (though not as finely attired)

for his other Web shows, including the must-see antics of mallet-swinging Papu and the goofy retro charms of Bulbo, an homage of sorts to the black-and-white cartoons of the '20s and '30s. "I had a doodle of the face of Bulbo on a piece of scrap paper and I just scanned that in and put a body on it and I've never drawn his face again." Bulbo's silent adventures—including a dizzying walk through the 20th century—are the product of Mishmash Media (mishmash-media.com), Feinberg's own boutique animation studio, which he runs out of an "old, ramshackle apartment in a corner of Brooklyn."

With Reiss writing *Queer Duck* episodes out of his home in L.A., their collaboration is done almost entirely via e-mail. "Like the President and Vice President," says Feinberg, "we're never in the same place at the same time." Once the episodes have debuted on the site (where you can test your gaydar while waiting for the show to download), Showtime airs them on Tuesday nights, following an encore of *Queer as*

THE
ENTERTAINMENT WEEKLY/AOL
«POLL»



Q If Britney is indeed single, what should she do next?

WE KNEW WE'D GET A BIG turnout for this week's question (more than half a million votes—654,972, to be exact), but what we didn't expect was the remarkably even distribution of responses. Without a clear consensus, we can only recommend that the young pop diva should (in the order below) follow this Jackie Collins-esque plotline:

Stay single (and give hope to millions of guys)	28%
Start seeing other people	27%
Get back together with Justin	23%
Forget about dating and concentrate on her career	21%

Like controversy? Vote on this week's new question only on AOL at Keyword EW Poll and read the Hot Topic at ew.com/hottopic

Folk. Reiss is already working on a script for a *Queer Duck* movie, but he's less enthusiastic about writing many more of the shorts. "It doesn't pay very much, so I'm doing it for the pure love of it," he says, adding: "If doing 20 episodes is for love—what's another 40?" ■

An Online Guide to Deciphering Michael Chabon's Comic Marvel

GASEOUS 'CLAY'



AETATAUREATE? CATHECTED? Nystagmus? What on earth do those words mean? That's a reaction that many readers have as they negotiate the verbal

hurdles throughout Michael Chabon's best-selling and soon-to-be-turned-into-a-movie novel, *The Amazing Adventures of Kavalier & Clay*. So what was Chabon (above) thinking when he planted the brainteasers in his comic-book opus? In part, he explains, "I was trying to challenge the reader. I figured some people would try to figure them out, and others would just



skip over them." In the absence of decoder rings to help tackle the vocabulary, A Word Game (members.tripod.com/martinetc/id102.htm) may be the Web's most comprehensive Kavalier & Clay tutorial. Like those lesson books of

yore, this vocabulary quiz serves double duty: Word nerds can use it to gauge their smarts—and the verbally impaired can use it as a cheat sheet. And while some of the meanings miss the mark (defining the Yiddishism *trayf* as an "un-kosher delicacy that goes well with cocktail sauce" is a little meshuga), you have to admire the Kavalier attitude. —David Marc Fischer

CYBERTALK

"I [couldn't] spend a year crossing America and going, 'It's not Kelly, Karly, Minoog, Monogway'—starting at the very, very bottom. I don't mean any offense or harm—the boredom and repetition of that would drive me mad." —Singer KYLIE MINOQUE, discussing her initial reluctance to promote her now top-selling album in the U.S., on MTV.com



WHAT TO SURF

THE SWEETEST THING ♦ (www.spe.sony.com/movies/thesweetestthing/) The official site of this Cameron Diaz romantic comedy mostly promotes the unfortunate female stereotype of the love-starved maniac who'll stop at nothing to get her man. There's a quiz that measures how far you'd go for love, with choices including "quickly get breast implants" and "burst into sobs and shriek, 'Never leave me!'" (How about "act normal"?) Even worse, the trailer-trashy, maggot-filled, aluminum-foil swan swoops through transitions to drop waste from above. What's so sweet about that? C—Jennifer Long

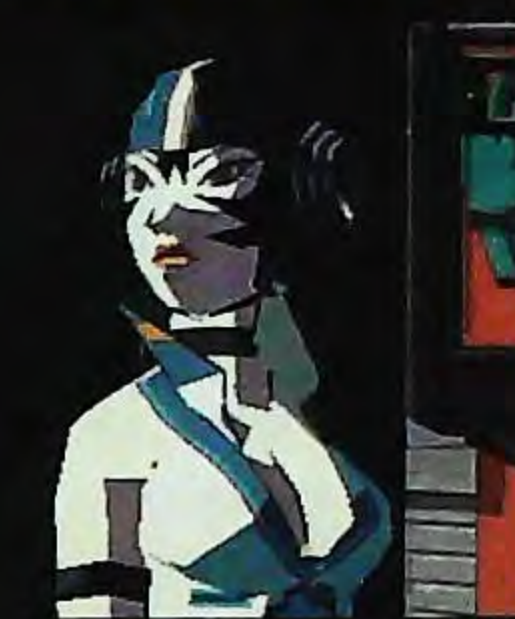
MOVIETOURS.COM ♦ (movietours.com) So where exactly did Det. Harry Callahan snarl, "Go ahead, make my day"? According to this site, the movie location was a Santa Cruz joint called Burger Island—now a McDonald's.

As for the quarry near Larkspur Landing, where he blew away a killer at the end of *Dirty Harry* (left), well, that's no longer there. This site lists about 40 California locales—immortalized in such films as *Sudden Impact* and *Play Misty for Me*—posted by Clint Eastwood-obsessed film buffs. For those truly wild about Harry. B—Hugh Hart

THE HOTEL CHELSEA ♦ (hotelchelsea.com) For more than a century, New York's bastion of bohemia has hosted intellectuals, misfits, and assorted exotica—from terrorist-turned-playwright Brendan Behan to Sid and Nancy to the occasional lion (courtesy of choreographer Katherine Dunham). Now these and other legendary guests are memorialized on this elegant, raffishly entertaining site. Yet sloppiness abounds: Missing, for example, is the lowdown on current events (like Ethan Hawke's hotel-set opus *Chelsea Walls*, debuting April 19). Where's room service when you need it? B—Ben Spier



WE GOT GAME



JET SET RADIO FUTURE (Sega, Xbox, Teen, \$49.95) The precursor to this graffiti-art game, *Jet Grind Radio*, so offended law-abiding citizens that its creators were barraged with angry phone calls. And while the artistry in "tagging" walls with spray paint may be lost on some, few could miss the outlaw thrills of *JSRF*: A corporation is cracking down on freedom of expression, and DJ Professor K is calling on all rocket-powered skaters to take up aerosol cans against the Rokkaku Group. The game's cel-shaded graphics and neon cityscapes are so gorgeously rendered that it's sometimes distracting. The same is true of the soundtrack (featuring tracks from Cibo Matto and the Latch Brothers). Too



bad the gameplay, which mainly consists of "grinding" on magnetic skates while scooping up spray cans and searching for walls to tag, doesn't live up to the rest of the package. THE ASSIST Finish the game and return to Roboy to open the Test Run. Earn Jet rankings on each run to unlock hidden characters. THE LAST SHOT Although *JSRF* takes up to 15 hours to finish, it isn't all that hard (much of the time is spent searching for tag spots obscured by awkward camera angles). A great-looking game that isn't very deep. THE GRADE B—Noah Robischon

More reviews at www.ew.com (AOL Keyword: EW)

Come (Out) As You Are

ENCORE Seven years ago, Sonny and Cher's daughter Chastity sang out loud and proud: I'm gay. by Liane Bonin

EVEN THE GOOFY SONNY BONO COULDN'T wrest the spotlight away from his flashy one-time costar and wife, Cher. But, shockingly, it was their towheaded daughter, Chastity, who pulled off the ultimate star eclipse. On April 18, 1995, she revealed that the cute little girl who dazzled Mom, Dad, and a nation on *The Sonny and Cher Comedy Hour*

was all grown up...and gay.

Though it was two years before Ellen DeGeneres came out, Chastity's appearance on the April cover of the gay-themed magazine *The Advocate* wasn't the first for a lesbian celeb (both k.d. lang and Melissa Etheridge had beaten her to it). But she did have the distinction of becoming one of the first



outed by the tabloids when in 1990 the *Star* revealed her secret. "It pushed me way deep into the closet," Bono says.

Even tabloid vet Cher was undone. She had first grappled with Chastity's sexuality in the late '80s, when Sonny broke the news. "I was very un-Cher-like in my acceptance of my daughter's choice," she admitted at a 1996 National Coming Out Day rally.

Though Cher came to terms with her daughter's homosexuality, it wasn't until Chastity's lover, Joan Stephens, died of non-Hodgkin's lymphoma in 1994, that the younger Bono decided to take control of her sexuality.



PRO BONO Sonny and Cher (inset) embraced their daughter's brave decision

"There were so many things Joan and I didn't do," she recalls. "I didn't want to live feeling so bad about a part of myself anymore." So, with her parents' support, Chastity became an *Advocate* cover girl. "So many kids wrote to us...[her story] helped them come out," says Judy Wieder, who authored the piece and is now *The Advocate's* editor in chief. "They could say, 'Look, Mom, I know you're struggling, but so is Cher.'"

The publicity led to a gig as

the entertainment media director for the Gay & Lesbian Alliance Against Defamation (GLAAD) and a cameo on a 1997 episode of *Ellen*. But Chastity experienced the flip side of gay pride when, asked by *Variety* in 1998 to explain *Ellen's* sagging ratings, she suggested the show was "too gay-specific" (a comment GLAAD claimed was taken out of context). According to Chastity, GLAAD gave her the boot three months later.

But much like her parents, Bono has a knack for reinventing herself. Now a full-time author, she's written a coming-out tome, 1998's *Family Outing*, and a memoir, *The End of Innocence* (in stores this June). And she's not ruling out running for office like her father, who died in a skiing accident in 1998. Seems we may have to come up with a whole new definition of First Lady. ■

TIME CAPSULE • APRIL 18, 1995

AT THE MOVIES, director Michael Bay's first foray into overproduced action flicks, *Bad Boys*, starring Will Smith and Martin Lawrence (right), is the top film. **ON TV**, 28 million viewers strap on their Manssieres and catch a rerun of *Seinfeld*, the week's No. 1 program. **IN**



MUSIC, Tupac Shakur's album *Me Against the World* dominates the *Billboard* chart. **AND IN THE NEWS**, strange doings at the O.J. Simpson trial; police evidence collector Dennis Fung, upon completing his testimony, is embraced by Johnnie Cochran's team, which had been grilling him for nine days.

BONO: JAY SOHN/EMMA AURORA; MAGAZINE COURTESY OF THE ADVOCATE; BAD BOYS: JON JARMER

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